

Sports Illustrated



JULY 8, 1970 80 CENTS

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Which means that for \$2.90 the Enrights could have saved themselves a lot of grief.

American Express Travelers Cheques

AMERICAN EXPRESS

FOR PEOPLE WHO TRAVEL

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Next week

THE REDS ARE COMING! The hottest news in baseball, Cincinnati is rolling over the league like some dread machine. In color and text, a report on Bosch, Perez & Co.

A GOOD CHANCE at winning the America's Cup is now being offered to two of the three competing nations by a young yacht designer whose name is—you guessed it—Chance.

THE PARADOX OF BOSTON, where sports are mixed with politics, tradition and a stubborn refusal to build a municipal stadium, leads to the question: Who Are the Hub Men?

4



The
performance
stop

What is it?

It's where Bob Brammerel takes his car. Bob Brammerel?

Bob's a businessman—and a weekend race driver.

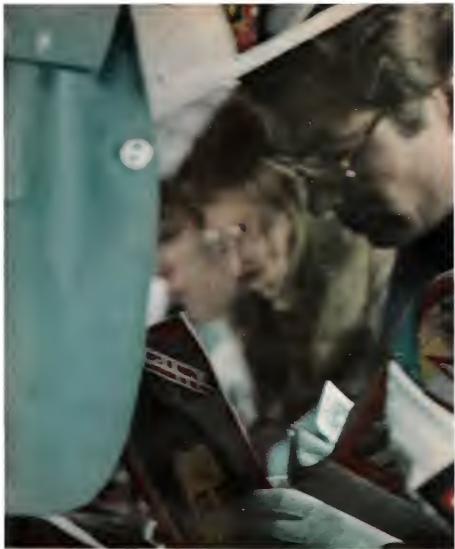
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BOOKTALK

Illegal, true—but also profitable and respectable. That is the Irish Sweepstake

Author Webb's *The Clean Sweep* (Regency, \$8.95) is a remarkable story of a business with a split personality. Perhaps all corporations are slightly schizophrenic: their public identity contrasting with a private, hidden side, but in the case of the Irish Hospitals Sweepstake the duality is built into its very structure. It is a successful, efficient, highly organized charitable enterprise dealing in a commodity which, in most of its sales areas, is against the law.

The Irish Sweepstake began with the work of Richard Duggan, a quiet, mannerly, well-dressed Dubliner who shocked his family at the age of 19 by going to work with a bookmaker. Many years later, in 1918, a group of Duggan's racing friends were going to sail to England on the steamship *Lomvay* to watch the running of the Caulfield steeplechase, and Duggan was at the dock to wish them luck. The *Lomvay* was thereupon torpedoed by a German sub, with the loss of 501 of the 771 aboard. In sympathy Duggan organized a lottery for the relief of the families of the drowned. The returns were so great that after the war he propositioned another sweepstake for the benefit of Mater Misericordiae Hospital in Dublin, offering £10,000 in prize money and £10,000 to the hospital. Once again the promotion was a huge success.

It was not until Duggan teamed up with one Joseph McGrath, however, that he was able to get the Hospitals Sweepstake on a really solid footing. McGrath was a former accountant who had become a leader of the Irish Republican Army. McGrath and Duggan were joined by Spencer Freeman, a Welsh engineer who previously specialized in taking squawks and rattles out of automobiles for the Chalmers Motor Company of Detroit. Their first sweepstake was pegged to the running of the 1930 November Handicap at Manchester England. Tickets were sold in books of 12 each—10 tickets to be sold for £5, with two free tickets to the agent selling the book.

A return of perhaps £40,000 was expected, but more than £600,000 worth of tickets were sold. The prize money came to £417,986, of which the benefiting hospitals got £131,798. The promoters got 7%, later reduced to 2%, amounting to £46,085. There were 79 horses entered in that first race, and a man named Fred Ward, employed by the Ministry of Agriculture in Northern Ireland, had the ticket on the favorite, Glorious Devon. If Glorious Devon were to win, Ward stood to get £204,764. He sold part of his ticket to two Belfast men. The big London bookmakers, Ladbrooke's, perceived the advantage of the

sweepstake in lay-off betting and bought half of the original investment for £13,300. Glorious Devon won and Ward pocketed £15,000, in addition to his previous sales, while Ladbrooke's got a return of £100,000 for their £5,700 investment.

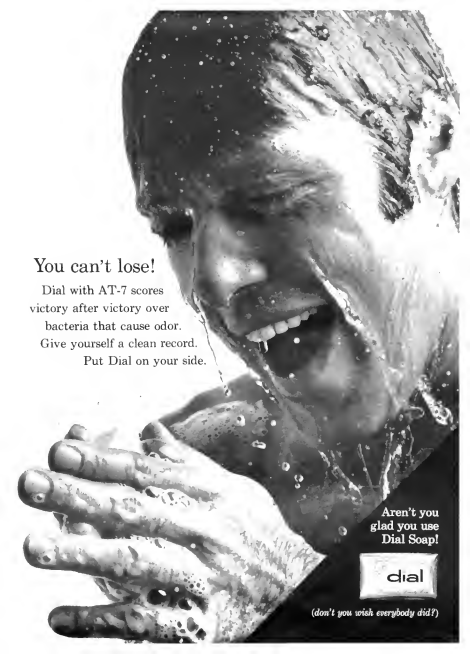
The second sweep was pegged to the running of the 1931 Grand National. Sales went so fast that the partners hired 800 girls to work in temporary huts in the garden around their old office, and 3½ million tickets were sold. The ticket on Grakle, the favorite, was drawn by Emilio Scala, a shrewd and good-natured Italian who owned a small restaurant in London. Scala sold approximately three-fourths of it to Arthur Bander, a London bookmaker, for £10,500 and kept the rest. Grakle won in the record time of 9:32.8, Scala banked £99,180 and Bander collected £255,543.

The ticket on the second horse, Gorgalach, was owned by a workman in the Buffalo plant of Fisher Bodies. He had sold shares of it to his wife, his brother and his two brothers-in-law. Gorgalach paid them \$886,630, but an old law that gambling winnings could be seized by the city of Buffalo sent the winners fleeing to Canada. It did them little good. The U.S. Government took \$213,000. The winner's wife divorced him. His brother's wife was committed to an asylum and one of his wife's brothers was arrested on a morals charge. Released on bail, he was found dead in the woods near Buffalo the next day.

Duggan himself died at the age of 56 in 1935, a venerated pioneer, but the sweep he organized went on and on. By 1959 its annual income was more than £16 million, and four or five tickets were sold in the United States. By 1966 Ireland's 400 hospitals, clinics and medical centers were collecting about £3 million per year from it. McGrath's death in 1966 left only Spencer Freeman of the original partners, and Freeman concentrated on making the sweep an even more efficient organization than it was in the past, a dignified, modestly conspicuous business with an air like that of a well-run bank.

And yet the Irish Hospitals Sweepstake has always been, in a sense, an underground operation. Even the author of this book insists that he does not know how the tickets are sold. Occasionally British and American authorities have moved in on the sellers, but never with any notable success. Tickets have been shipped in coffins, in egg crates, in heavy machines, in tons, in laundry and in suitcases apparently abandoned in stations. They have been unloaded by the cargo men on steamers, and packed in the dunnage tanks of airlines. The operation is possible, of course, only because of a general lack of interest in enforcing any law against it. Even so, the quiet efficiency of the Irish Sweepstake operation makes all previous smuggling stories seem trivial.

—ROBERT CASTWELL



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Aren't you
glad you use
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(don't you wish everybody did?)

SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT CREAMER

DIRTY WORD

The brutal consequences of high-pressure college recruiting became visible again last week, this time to confuse and blur both the past and future of Tom McMillen, the 6' 11" basketball star from Mansfield, Pa. (SI, Feb. 16).

McMillen, who scored a record 3,608 points during his high-school career and was recently graduated first in his class academically, ended months of speculation—and the vain hopes of hundreds of college coaches—by signing an application for a grant-in-aid scholarship to the University of North Carolina. The next day his parents, Dr. and Mrs. James McMillen, said that they had not signed the agreement and objected to their son's decision. "That boy is not going with our blessing," Mrs. McMillen is reported to have said then. "He's known for months that we did not approve of North Carolina. No matter what they do or say, he's our son and he has a moral obligation to obey his parents. There are valid reasons why we don't want him to go to North Carolina."

Tom's father wanted him to attend Maryland, where an older brother, Jay, played on the basketball team two years ago and now attends graduate school. His mother felt Tom should go to Virginia where a longtime friend of the family and former Mansfield High coach, Bill Gibson, now coaches. Another brother, Paul, was a law student at North Carolina and lives in Chapel Hill. Paul was for North Carolina.

In the end, Tom McMillen made his choice of colleges by himself, and the family eventually said all differences had been resolved, that they approved of North Carolina and that it had been a "minor misunderstanding." (Despite reports to the contrary, Tom could attend North Carolina without his parents' consent, since his scholarship does not require parental approval.) Rival coaches accused North Carolina of recruiting violations, which happens every time a prominent schoolboy athlete

finally gets around to selecting a college.

Yet all this is beside the point. A system that places such pressure on an 18-year-old boy and causes such widely publicized distress in his family, just so he can play basketball in this college instead of that one, is ridiculous and dangerous. Recruiting is becoming an ugly, obscene word. Dr. McMillen called the whole thing a "dirty, nasty business" and in this instance, certainly, he is the one who is right.

STEADY, MAN

A report from Australia says there is a group of men in that country dedicated to the care of ex-rugby players who are in danger of falling by the wayside. The group is called Athletes Anonymous; whenever a member feels the dread urge to get out and play rugby again he phones a fellow AA who rushes over to the house with half a dozen bottles of beer and helpful words of discouragement.

CRAZY

So-called minor sports may get it in the neck at the University of Wisconsin, where a major effort is being made to bring athletic department expenditures more in line with funds available to the department. A State Bureau of Audit report on the fiscal year July 1, 1968-June 30, 1969 criticized the department's failure to correct defects in the physical condition of the athletic complex and its overabundance of personnel ("Wisconsin had more staff positions and paid out about 50% more in administrative salaries than any other conference member"). Athletic Director Elroy (Crazy Legs) Hirsch, who succeeded Ivan Williamson in February 1969, admitted, "We are overstaffed in some areas. I inherited a deteriorating situation. I have done everything in my power to rectify it, but it takes time."

Hirsch expressed hope that Wisconsin's football team, which has been terrible in recent years, will be so improved this fall that income-producing atten-

dance at football games will rise sharply "and start solving our problems." Even so, there are indications that crew, golf, tennis and gymnastics may be dropped as formal sports ("Crew is a wonderful tradition at Wisconsin," Hirsch has said, "but we can no longer afford \$40,000 worth of tradition"), and that baseball, track and field, wrestling and swimming will operate at a "reduced status."

"It's up in the air," Hirsch said last week. "I can't talk about minor sports until I know what next year's budget will be. I do think we've made quite an accomplishment in one year. The worst is behind us."

LABOR NEWS

Now basketball officials are threatening a strike, at least in the East. College officials there say they are underpaid and may "decide to withhold the services of our members for the season," Duke Maroon of Steelton, Pa., a veteran official



who used to play football for the Philadelphia Eagles and New York Giants, said, "We're going out if we don't get what we want. Our major gripes are with the Ivy League, the Big Five, Madison Square Garden and the Pennsylvania State College Conference. I've just finished my fifth year in the Ivy League, and I didn't get a penny increase in all that time. Can you imagine one of our professors or coaches not getting a raise?" Maroon said Big Ten and Atlantic Coast Conference officials get \$125

a game, but that the Ivies, the Big Five and Madison Square Garden pay only \$60. "When Kings College played Notre Dame they brought in a Big Ten man and paid him \$125 and wanted to pay our official \$60. That shows you how far behind we are in the East."

GOLFER'S DREAM

If you live in metropolitan New York, enjoy golf and do not happen to belong to a country club, you owe it to yourself to get the *Metropolitan Golf Guide*, just published by *Par* magazine. It is a 128-page visit to 77 public courses in and around New York City, complete with hole maps of each layout, details on things like how to get there and what it costs, and a critical analysis of each course. This is the first such guide *Par* has put out, but it hopes to have similar ones ready for 15 other metropolitan areas in the next year or two.

ILL LOGIC

Frank Ryan, the quarterback who led the Cleveland Browns to a championship or two and who is now backing up Sonny Jurgensen for the Washington Redskins, has his Ph.D. in mathematics (SI, Sept. 27, 1965) and has used computers to determine what tactics and strategy might best work for a team against specific opposition. However, Ryan is generally against the use of computers to evaluate things like a player's courage and emotional resources. He feels, for one thing, that it is an invasion of privacy because of the intensely personal nature of some of the questions; he is also skeptical of a machine's capacity to "think" in the abstract. Ryan took a computerized personality-profile test for pro football, and his logician's mind was bothered by the arbitrariness of the data-gathering techniques.

"One question," he says, "asked whether I would prefer being confined in a dark room or would like to be peering over a steep cliff. Another was: Would I be scared of a large crowd? The tester became irritated when I asked him if it would not depend on the circumstances—whether it was a friendly crowd in a grandstand, or a riot."

ABSOLUTELY CLEAR

Recently Baseball Commissioner Bowie Kuhn made some definitive comments at a press conference.

On baseball's basic defense in the Court

Flood case. "The reserve clause is reasonable. The court has no jurisdiction. It boils down to a collective-bargaining process and not an antitrust action."

On baseball economics: "It takes \$300,000 to get a ballplayer to the majors."

On the computerized All-Star Game voting: "The basic idea is good. It has heightened interest in the All-Star Game, but the write-ins have not yet vindicated the system."

On Jim Bouton and his book: "I told him it was a poor thing for him to write. It was inconsistent with his standard of playing. It is not proper for one in baseball to criticize baseball. In the entertainment business, it is not in the best interest to criticize the quality of the product."

On reaction to his Denny McLain decision: "We count no mail. The letters fit into three categories—those who agree, those who thought the penalty was too harsh and those who thought the penalty was too lenient."

On beanballs: "We're continuing to study equipment for additional protection and are giving serious consideration to proposals to avoid knockdown pitches."

EXTREMELY FRANK

On beanballs, Commissioner Kuhn would do well to listen to Frank Lane. Come to think of it, it's hard not to listen to Frank Lane. The voluble onetime Chicago White Sox general manager, now the so-called superscout for the Baltimore Orioles, says in his cautious, equivocating way: "Certainly it's possible to get rid of the beanball. Why risk lives in something that is supposed to be a non-contact sport? I've got a rule I've been advocating for 15 years, but so far I haven't been able to get our commissioners to pay attention to me. I suggested that if a batter is hit on the head by a pitched ball, the pitcher should be fined \$1,000 and suspended for 10 days and his manager should be fined \$500 and suspended for three days."

Lane says he has written Kuhn about the proposal and hopes to receive more satisfaction than he did from Kuhn's predecessor, General William Eckert. "I had to send Eckert two letters before he answered," Lane says, "and when he did he said he didn't think the pitchers were throwing at the hitters intentionally. Intent has nothing to do with it. Besides,

you can't read a pitcher's mind. You can't ask an umpire to take on a job that's almost impossible. With this rule, if a batter is hit above the shoulders the fine and suspensions are automatic. If a manager knows he is going to lose his pitcher for a couple of turns and he suspended himself, he's a lot less likely to give the order for a knockdown pitch."

SMALL CHEERFUL NOTE

Another gleam of hope in the gloomy state of the natural world is the news that eight cawwos hatched this year, one more than last year. The cawwo, or Bermuda petrel, is one of the rarest birds in the world, with perhaps 75 individuals having survived a number of unnatural threats, most recently DDT (SI, Nov. 4, 1968 *et seq.*).

Naturalist David Wingate, who has almost singlehandedly protected and, probably, saved the species, reported that four of the chicks had already departed from their nesting grounds on islets off Bermuda. However, the four remaining seemed to be in trouble because of inadequate feeding: apparently the mother birds were not finding sufficient food on the ocean and were visiting the nests less often, so the chicks' development was arrested.

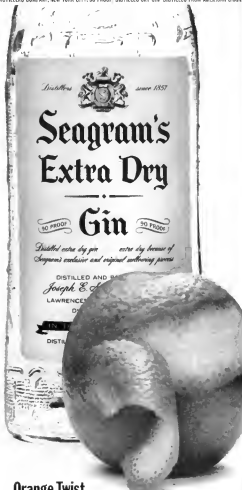
Wingate is afraid the feeding problem may be a result of oceanic oil pollution. "So much depends on whether they can pesticides and what happens with oil pollution," he said. "I vacillate between optimism and pessimism, depending on how successful we are each year. Right now there are grounds for optimism. But I'm holding my breath."

THEY SAID IT

■ Jack Eskridge, Dallas Cowboy equipment manager, on the change to jerseys with players' names above their numbers: "We're double-stitching the veterans' jerseys and single-stitching the rookies'."

■ Dr. Paul Dudley White, 84-year-old heart specialist: "Nobody under the age of 70, or really 80, should have a heart attack. The importance of stress is overstressed. Many people are well at 80 who have always been under stress. If hard work and little sleep is that dangerous, I should have been dead 30 years ago."

■ Jack Kraft, Villanova basketball coach, on recruiting: "You can get all the six-sixes you want, but you can't find any six-tens or six-twelves." **END**



Orange Twist.
This week's perfect martini secret.

A twist of orange and the perfect martini gin,
of course.

Seagram's. The perfect martini gin.

TV TALK

The networks continually avoided the World Cup, to the profit of closed-circuit TV

American indifference to soccer is a legend by now. Our own networks consider it an immutable fact of nature, and not one of them bothered to bid for the World Cup, an event which had half of Europe up beyond its bedtime and was even accused of breaking up marriages in Sweden. (How much that takes, I don't know.)

The networks, to be sure, would have had to pay a pretty peso for the rights—though not half so pretty as the sums that changed hands in the fever zones abroad. According to one possibly overexcited Mexican journal, the European Broadcasting Union was obliged to shell out six million dollars. A cool half million-plus would have taken it away over here. At least MTS, a closed-circuit outfit, got it for something like that: people in the business are notoriously kittenish about figures, and the networks folded their hands without a whimper.

Their reasoning was, as usual, impeccable: NBC had given the Cup a fling in 1966, and the results didn't recommend a second try. CBS had taken a bath trying to do the American soccer league—who can forget those commercials running into the auction?—and was not ready for another one.

ABC, possibly the most quavering of the big three, made a real effort to get the Cup on *Wide World of Sports*. But carry old MTS and ABC could not have it for 90 days, long enough to cool off the hottest game of anything. Otherwise, ABC could have some 10-minute highlights anytime it wanted. (Hello, hello, chek, is the imagined sound effect here.) If a network can be said to sound regretful, ABC sounded regretful as it described the sorry situation.

This is a sermon without a moral. Closed-circuit may have been right to suppose that for once it could make more money than the networks. Soccer fans are bunched tight in the cold-water ports and cosmopolitan centers. The closed-circuit show at Detroit's Masonic Temple drew a party of Englishmen from Ontario along with the local Brazilians. The Montreal closed-circuit crowd ran 90% "European" and in San Francisco it was 4 to 1 Latin. It seems to take a generation of Americanization to acquire complete boredom with soccer.

Still, one wonders. Madison Square Garden was jammed beyond the dreams of Billy Graham. I exaggerate, of course, but \$175,000 (second largest per-day gross in the history of the new Garden) is not bad for one afternoon's take and, pound for pound, no sports crowd ever generated more cash. If this continues, perhaps the world's most popular sport will one day fan a spark in all Americans.

—WILLARD SHIELD

FORD RIDES AGAIN!



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...has a better idea
(we listen better)



NO! NOT JOHN SMITH!

The name has served as an alias for thousands, but last weekend a real John Smith checked in, the UCLA sophomore nipping Lee Evans in the 440 (left) in an AAU championship notable for surprises by PAT PUTNAM

The cooling breeze came around 7 p.m., bringing relief from the intense dry heat that had pressed down on Bakersfield, Calif. most of last Saturday. But the wind out of the north couldn't alleviate the tensions surrounding the 440-yard dash, the most ballyhooed event of this year's national AAU track and field championships. With still an hour to the starter's gun, Lee Evans, the Olympic champion, rested under a lamp-post, alone with his thoughts. He had drawn lane 8, which meant that with the staggered start he would be running blind, the rest of the field behind him, and he was trying to convince himself that this was best. He knew it wasn't.

Seventy yards away Larry James, the silver-medal winner at Mexico City and the 1970 NCAA champion, sat on a rubbing table. People came by to wish him luck, but when he smiled and said nothing they left. James never wears a watch. Every few minutes he'd ask someone for the time, which was moving slowly. On a table next to him Curtis Mills, the world record holder, sat talking idly with an acquaintance. Mills and James did not talk to each other.

Wayne Collett, of UCLA, came by and stood next to James. The week before Collett had broken the world record in the 440 hurdles at the NCAA championships but had finished behind Ralph Mann, who had run four-tenths of a second faster. Now Collett was back in his specialty, the 440 dash, and there were those who said he could win the AAU title.

"I'm a little stiff," Collett muttered. James looked away and yawned. "I need a bed," he said. John Carlos, who had



Smith and master Evans embrace after race.

pulled up lame in the 100-yard dash the night before and had scratched in the 220, walked over and put an arm around Mills. "Hey, man," said Carlos, "I've already told the AAU not to send you to Europe if you finish second or third." Laughing, Mills got up and walked away. Carlos spotted John Smith, a sophomore who had run behind Collett at UCLA

all year. Smith was running because they needed eight men to round out the field. He had failed to make the finals at the NCAAs the week before and was going into the race with the slowest time in the field. "No sweat, man," Carlos said to him. "Just lift your knees, pump your arms and don't worry about anyone else." Smith nodded. In less than an hour he would do exactly that, and would become the 440-yard champion, shocking everyone but himself. His was only one of many upsets: Tom Hill of Arkansas State won the 120 highs in 13.3, for example, Willie Davenport finishing third; Howell Michael of William & Mary took the mile in 4:01.8, Marty Liquori finishing third.

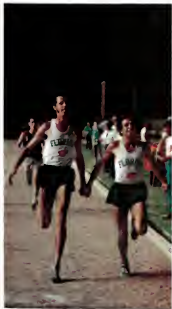
It had been a rough week for Smith. After his failure in the NCAAs, he had called home from Des Moines and his mother told him that his cousin and close friend, Andy Young, had died. "He was just two days older than me," said Smith, who is 19. "We had been close all our lives. It really hit me. Then at the funeral I broke down and cried." He decided not to run at Bakersfield.

"Son," said his mother, "what happens in life happens. You can't do a thing about it. And I want you to run in that race. You are as good as anybody there. Always believe that."

"Then she gave me her blessing," said Smith. "It was something very special, something very deep. I knew then I had to race."

For Lee Evans, the week before the race had been just a little less trying. Saturday morning he paced his hotel room, unable to rest, alternating between despair and hope. For nine days he had

continued



been taking sleeping pills. Even then sleep had come gradually.

"I have this great personal problem and it's driving me crazy," said Evans. "But I've got to get my mind off it. At this moment I have to have one purpose in life: to run around that track one faster than those other cats. That's all I'm supposed to think about. But because of what's bugging me I just don't have the same drive I had three weeks ago. But I've got to win. I've got to. I've got to. It will show me I'm on my way toward conquering this pressure from my problem."

Evans got down on his hands and knees and began working his feet into imaginary starting blocks. He came up in the start position, held it for a moment, then stood. "I want it bad, man, real bad. There's a lot behind this race. Oh, Lord, life is a weird trip."

That same morning at breakfast Mills, who had finished third in defense of his NCAA championship, was feeling the pressure of his world record. "Last year, before I set the record, I was just another unknown," he said. "I was running against Evans and James and if they beat me, well, so what? Nobody expected me to win. Now everybody is looking to climb No. 1—and that's me. At least they think it's me. I think it's Evans. He's the king. Of course, I beat him twice last night. I ran two great races in a dream. Forty-fours. At least I think I beat him. It was pretty close. But in real life Evans is the man."

Then James stopped asking the time. The call had come for the 440. The fans began to stir. They had already seen some fine performances. The night before George Frenn (see cover) had won the hammer with a throw of 230 feet (he reportedly had a practice throw of 248 feet, 3½ feet over the world record, earlier in the week); Ivory Crockett had taken the 100 in 9.3 in a photo finish over Ben Vaughn (who won the 220); and Frank Shorter, the ex-Yalie who is Jack Bachele's running partner on the Florida Track Club, had won the three-mile in 13:24.2. Shorter almost didn't make it to Bakersfield. While training

in Taos, N. Mex., where his parents live, some floods tried to run over him with a car because he had reported them at attempted rape.

Saturday night Shorter would win the six-mile as well, finishing hand in hand with Bachele in 27:24. He was voted the meet's outstanding performer, but the three-mile was the greater triumph. Steve Prefontaine, running on the foot he had cut at Des Moines last week, was in contention until the gun lap, then faded to fifth. "All week I've been favoring the leg," he said, "and when I went to kick I felt like someone had hit me with an ax. I'm doing great. Last year as a high school senior I finished fourth. How's that for progress?"

As the 440 field was setting up the blocks, Ralph Mann, who had won the 440 hurdles a few minutes earlier, hustled over to pick up his gold medal and then set another world record getting to where the race would start. "I wouldn't miss this for anything," he said. "It may be the greatest 440 in history. People say the hurdles are the toughest. I say this is. Look at Lee, he's out for blood. And that Mills, he'll be flying scared. I'm sure glad I'm a hurdler."

The runners crouched. Mills turned to John Smith and said, "Nothing to worry about. Just stay on my tail until the last turn and take off. Just run your own race and you'll do fine."

Evans is a close friend of Wyoming Tyus, the former Olympic champion, and her husband, Art Simburg, the Puma shoe representative in the U.S. Last year Smith dropped by the Simburgs' house to pick up some shots. Evans was there and they became friends. "Lee was sort of an idol to John," says Simburg. "And he asked Lee to help him. Lee said sure. And it was more than just do this, and do that, Lee really took a lot of time with him. It was a deeper relationship than just teacher and pupil. It's something beautiful to watch."

So was the race. Evans flew from the blocks, charging toward what could have been his fifth straight AAU title. "When we come off that last turn," he had said earlier, "I figure Collett will be in the lead and I'll be just two steps behind him. Me and everybody else. And then I'll just blow right past him."

And that's where they were coming off the last turn: Collett, Evans two steps back, Smith. "By then I was out of it," said James. "If I was with them I could

have stayed, but I lost contact, and when you lose contact with guys like this, forget it. I felt good. But they were already gone."

Thirty yards from the tape Evans passed Collett. "I saw Wayne good and I knew I had him," he said. "But I never saw Smith until he went past me." Smith saw him. "I wasn't concentrating on anything but running until the last 110 yards," he said. "Then I saw Lee and I just started thinking about lifting those knees and pumping those arms. I figured if the stuff is there, it will come."

It came. Smith caught Evans 10 yards from the tape and beat him to it. They both finished in 45.7. Collett was third in 45.8, then Mills (46.1) and James (46.2).

As they crossed the finish line Mills turned to Smith and asked who won. Smith pointed to himself. "You won!" said Mills.

"John won?" said Collett, growling. "Oh, no! My coach has created a monster. I knew John was tough mentally, but damn! Next year is going to be a gas, a real gas."

A photographer asked Smith to pose for a picture. He did. "Uh," said the photographer, "what's your name?"

"John Smith."

The photographer went away in anger.

"What a tough break for Lee," said Smith. "Nobody can win in that lane. Anyplace else and he would have won. He couldn't see me and I just snuck up on him. Just like Mills did last year. And he's my teacher. He built my confidence, taught me how to run past people at the end. Then I do this to him. Damn! Anybody else! I admire Lee enough to bow down to him."

Evans walked away to be alone. Then he sat down on the second step of the victory stand. "The races I lose," he said. "One a year and it's always the big one. I just never saw John coming until it was too late."

Smith approached the stand, Evans jumped up and put an arm around him. "I'm glad it was you, baby," he said. "If it had been anybody else it would have killed me. You run so much like me now it scares me. I just didn't figure you to do it this year." He pushed Smith toward the stand. "Climb up and get your medal. And if you don't win at Munich, I'll kick your butt all the way around the block."

END

Ivory Crockett (at left, top) edges Ben Vaughn of the Army in the 100. Frank Shorter leads pack in three-mile, which he won, and later joins hands with teammate Jack Bachele for first-place bid in the six-mile run.

TRIUMPH FOR THE CLAN O'BRIEN

Training horses is a successful family affair for Vincent O'Brien and it helps to have a horse like Charles Engelhard's

Nijinsky, victor at Epsom, who made the Irish Derby his ninth straight win

by CLAUD COCKBURN

Nijinsky, naturally. His win for Charles Engelhard, the clan O'Brien and jockey Liam Ward was about as predictable as the fall of soft rain which had been gathering on the hill all morning and which finally discharged itself

gently onto the Irish Sweeps Derby at The Curragh. Vincent O'Brien had been studying those clouds. He knows what Irish clouds can do, and he said after the race that he had had some bad moments, fearing a quagmire for Nijinsky.

The bookies, just before the race, seemingly shared O'Brien's fears. They had to be appealed to over the loud-speakers to furl their umbrellas and let people get a look at the race. Since The Curragh meeting is far different from Ascot and even very unlike Dublin's Horse Show Week, the number of women with lovely hats that might have been damaged by the drizzle was minimal. The Sweeps Derby is a popular national festival: more people drink Guinness than champagne.

In the late afternoon the redoubtable Vincent O'Brien was on his way south to his home in Cashel with his brothers Phonsie and Dermot and his brilliant Australian wife Jacqueline. The clan. For the O'Brien operation is a team operation. Dermot, for a start, is said to know more about the proper feeding of horses than any man in the hemisphere. Phonsie can operate as Vincent's stand-in and has run the stable with highest efficiency.

And Jacqueline? Well, a great trainer like Vincent has need from time to time of someone who can keep other people out of his hair. He needs someone who knows nearly as much about dealing with humans as he knows about dealing with horses. He needs, in fact, some public relations. That is part of Jacqueline's indispensable role.

And then there is Ned. Ned is a donkey. And Ned is a built-in part of the O'Brien thinking about how to train horses. O'Brien is of the opinion that, first, any trainer who says, "I do this and that with my horses, or never do this or that with my horses," does not truly understand horses.

In O'Brien's view, every horse is an individual creature, with special individual needs. Second, O'Brien has a belief, perhaps instinctive, perhaps acquired, that within the limits of what is possible, a horse—even a horse in training



After being boxed in, jockey Liam Ward pulled Nijinsky clear to win by three lengths.

for a major classic race—should get a little bit of “normal” life even if it is for only a quarter of an hour a day.

“I like to let them have a bite of grass and a roll every day,” says O’Brien, in a remark that some might think plain heretical.

This is where Ned the donkey comes in. Obviously, the horses cannot be let out for their bite and roll at the same time. They could start biting one another or rolling on one another or kicking one another in the temperamental way of such creatures. So each in turn is sent into the field in the sedative company of Ned. The bite of grass and roll are enjoyed without buckering.

There are many reasons why nobody who was there is going to forget this year’s Irish Sweeps Derby. First, the triumph of Nijinsky. But there was a moment when people had their hearts in their mouths, wondering whether Liam Ward was too late. With two furlongs to go, he was so far behind that even the most faithful felt their faith quivering. And everyone could see that the timest of accidents could have blocked his final, beautiful run on the inside.

Nijinsky became the second horse in history to win both the Irish Derby and Epsom Derby. In 1964 both races were won by Santa Claus. This was the third Irish Derby victory for Engelhard, who won with Ribocco in 1967 and Ribero in 1968. Nijinsky is the best of the lot.

Ward, a generous and humane man, said afterward, “My grandmother could have won the race on that horse.” And then, like distant noises, since The Curragh meeting is a meeting of the populace, the fact that it was held in the shadow of civil war in Northern Ireland was as passionately discussed as the race. There was the inevitable man who recalled that people danced in Brussels on the eve of the Battle of Waterloo. And it is true that just as Nijinsky finished, the first shots—as distinct from rocks and petrol bombs—were being loosed off in Belfast.

As the crowd of cars streamed away from The Curragh, a slow-up occurred on the Naas Road. What was causing

the holdup? It was the fact that the President of the Republic of Ireland was proceeding leisurely homeward from the meeting, in a car of vintage appearance. Nobody had bothered to give him extra protection, or insist that he drive at top speed through a potentially perilous land. He had a motorcycle escort of two. Being myself in something of a hurry, I

remarked to my driver that it was a pity we had just chanced to get behind the President.

Said he, “There’s no protocol that says we can’t pass him on the free roads of Ireland.”

He put his foot down, and we shot past that strange old car and even stranger old man.

END



Trainer O'Brien looks with wonder and pride at his colt Nijinsky, son of Northern Dancer

A TORNADO WITH A NEW TWIST

The stubborn Texans of Lubbock dug out from under the rubble left by a catastrophic storm and produced the kind of All-America football game the coaches always hoped for but never before could achieve **by WILLIAM F. REED**

They came early last Saturday evening, from Amarillo and Shallowater and Muleshoe, but mostly they came from right there in Lubbock, the host city for the 10th annual Coaches All-America football game. Pulling this game off had not been easy for this overgrown West Texas cowtown (pop. 150,000), especially after a killer tornado worked its evil in early May, leaving much of

Lubbock in ruin and rubble and misery. "But, you know, that just seemed to pull us all together," said Dr. Jim Granberry, the town's mod young mayor. "We wanted to show the country that Lubbock could bounce back stronger than ever."

So Lubbock redoubled its efforts on behalf of the All-America Game and last Saturday night the nation could in-

deed see that whatever its losses Lubbock had maintained its spirit and its bottomless capacity for football. At kickoff time, although the temperature hovered near 100 and the quality of these All-Stars was only medium cool, the official attendance at Texas Tech's Jones Stadium was a rousing 42,150—almost 4,000 more than the previous record and more than twice what it was last summer in Atlanta. Happier still, the game was unusually cohesive and entertaining. The East beat the West 34-27, but the outcome was in doubt until the final seconds. Plainly, the fans' enthusiasm had been absorbed by the players out there on the stadium's new AstroTurf rug.

"The kids knew the problems that the city of Lubbock has had," said East Coach Charlie McClendon of Louisiana State. "They're all All-Americans and they weren't going to be down on the job before those people."

Ohio State fullback Jim Otis, named the night's most valuable player after gaining a record 145 yards with his quick, powerful thrusts said, "Oh, man, these people are unbelievable. They wanted this game so bad you could feel it. I must admit, though, that I think they were more for the West than for us."

The game, the American football coaches' answer to the College All-Star Game in Chicago, came to Lubbock via Buffalo and Atlanta, where it ran into one trouble after another. Last summer only 17,008 showed up in Atlanta—partly because of the oppressive humidity, partly because O. J. Simpson, Leroy Keyes and other top stars declined to play, and partly because there were simply too many other things to do in a metropolis like Atlanta. Lubbock won the game over the likes of Memphis and San Diego when such stubborn Texans as J. T. King, Tech athletic director, State Representative R. B. McAlister and Mayor Granberry finally convinced the coaches of Lubbock's advantages—a college atmosphere, no competing entertainment, promotion by the district 2 T-2 Lions Club (which claims to be the largest service club in the country) and



West Quarterback Donnie Shaw manages to get a wobbly pass away despite a hard tackle.

a built-in, football-crazy audience that would flock to fill the 40,000 seats in Jones Stadium even if the temperature rose into the low hundreds.

Then, at 9:46 p.m. on Monday, May 11, the tornado hit Lubbock. In just 15 minutes 26 lives were lost, along with \$200 million worth of property. The town's poor Mexican district was wiped out and so were some of the new \$50,000 houses near the country club. One victim was sucked through his car windshield and dropped like a rag doll hundreds of yards away. Whole buildings were obliterated and light poles were twisted into weird pieces of pop art. The town's tallest building, the 20-story Great Plains Life Building, was so badly warped that even now it is a ghostly, empty shell that nobody will use. The AstroTurf in Jones Stadium was unharmed, but some of the light towers on the west side—which had recently been fitted with extra lights for the color telecast of the All-America Game—were bent or snapped off. The damage was so debilitating that immediately representatives of Memphis and San Diego were on the phone to Bill Murray, the executive director of the coaches' association, offering to take the game off Lubbock's bleeding hands.

"I didn't know what to say," said Murray. "I couldn't get through to Lubbock for four days because the telephone wires were down. But then J. T. King called me and said that Lubbock planned to go ahead with its plans to have the game. And I never doubted that they could do it."

For almost three weeks, while the town dug out and buried its dead, ticket sales were at a complete standstill. "There were just too many other more important things to do and think about," says Granberry. "It was a beautiful thing, all of us cleaning up together, brown, black and white, but it was still kind of solemn." Even the donation by H. Ross Perot of the food and supplies he had unsuccessfully tried to take to American prisoners in Vietnam failed to boost morale. "Then it got close to the game," says the mayor, "and all of a sudden everybody perked up and got real excited. It gave us something to work for, a chance to show the country the kind of hard-working, God-fearing, close-to-earth sort of people we have out here."

By last week, with parts of the town still looking like bombed-out Berlin,



Texas' Bob McKay (left) and Notre Dame's Mike McCoy pick through tornado damage.

Lubbock nevertheless vibrated with all the freshness and energy of a teen-age cheerleader. Everywhere a man looked, there were red, white and blue bunting and signs urging townspeople to come to "the game." The players could hardly turn around without bumping into the outstretched hand of a smiling Texan ("Hi, there, glad to have you in Lubbock podnuh"). There was a full schedule of golf, barbecues, swimming, cocktail parties and banquets. About the only complaint the players had was that they had to share their dormitory with a convention of harpists. "Hell," said one player, grinning broadly, "we couldn't get those little old ladies with the harps to quiet down."

There was one annoying problem: the conspicuous absence once again of several "name" players, including Heisman Trophy winner Steve Owens, top pro draft pick Terry Bradshaw, Purdue's Mike Phipps and Penn State's Mike Reid. Some of them had legitimate reasons for being absent, but others were held back by their pro teams or their agents and attorneys—and these cases had the coaches boiling. Said McClelland, "We coaches are going to have to do something. We can't justify an All-America game unless we can give the people all the All-Americans. The pros are biting the hand that feeds them. And they need us, friend, they need us."

Saturday came up bright and, of course, hot, and the first item of business was a 60-foot parade up Broadway. The parade marshal was Center Bill Pierson of San Diego State, who several weeks before had stood a three-hour watch to

protect the American flag from 150 students protesting the Cambodian invasion. That night, just before kickoff, Pierson led the crowd in the pledge of allegiance, Ohio State's Otis delivered the invocation and Texas Tech's own Richard Campbell sang the national anthem.

The first half was a delight, ending in a 21-21 tie. The East star was Gordon Slade, an underrated quarterback from Davidson, who ran for one touchdown and passed to Michigan State's Frank Foreman for the other two. For the West, San Diego State Quarterback Dennis Shaw's pass to Arizona's Ron Gardin had accounted for the tying touchdown as time ran out, but the play that really aroused the crowd came when Campbell, the singer, blocked a punt off the foot of Indiana's John Ienberger, did a graceful pirouette and fell on the ball in the end zone.

The teams traded touchdowns early in the last half, but when Boston University's Bruce Taylor scored on a 42-yard pass interception with 4:15 to play, the East seemed to have it in the bag. It did, but only because Gardin, with 37 seconds to go, stumbled just short of the goal after catching a Shaw pass in the clear.

The game, lasting almost four hours, was much too long, and at the end two banks of lights went out atop the press box, but at least one fan was so pleased with everything that he was already thinking about next summer's All-America. "You know," he said, "this could even be bigger than the Fat Stock show in Fort Worth. This could really put Lubbock on the map."

END



NO ONE COULD TRUMP THE ACES

First they were the Dallas Aces, then the U.S. Aces, and now the world is theirs after they easily beat the best bridge teams from three continents. It was America's first victory in 16 years **by WALTER BINGHAM**

Oswald Jacoby, captain of the U.S. bridge team, stood in the lobby of the Foresta Hotel in Stockholm last week, betting he could throw his 10-krona bill farther than anyone could toss a five-krona bill. Winner gets to keep both, naturally. Nearby, members of his team, otherwise known as the Dallas Aces, dressed in their uniform of the day—light blue blazers with the gold Aces' emblem and gray slacks—were pitching coins toward a wall, closest takes all. If you value your kro-

nor, do not play these games with Ozzie and the Aces. After you flatter your five-krona bill about two feet or so, Ozzie will roll his bill into a ball and toss it all the way over to the front desk. Sucker play. As for the Aces, they can pitch a one-krona coin half an inch from the wall all night long. Double for leaners.

Ah, yes—there was also some bodge at the Foresta last week, and those who challenged the Aces would have done better pitching kronor. Teams from Na-

tionalist China, Italy, Brazil and Norway gathered for the Bermuda Bowl, which is the world championship, and the Aces made it look like batting practice. After a nine-day round robin in which the Aces finished far ahead of everyone else, the two top teams—the U.S. and Nationalist China—met in four final matches played over a two-day period. Except for the first match, which the U.S. lost 13-7, it was no contest. The Aces won the second by 18 to 2 victory points, the third 20 to minus 2 and the



This is a bridge tournament? Well, yes, but it's intermission in Stockholm, and Ace Jim Jacoby switches to some backgammon with his mother as father Ozzie stands nearby.

Giarozzo, who have dominated world bridge since 1957. In their places were names like Barbarisi, Morini and Cesati—Italians, yes, but not necessarily bridge players. No one in Stockholm was certain why the Blue Team had decided to stay at home. Some said it had gotten into an argument with the Italian Bridge Federation, while others pointed out that the team had thought for years about quitting, and this year just happened to be it. In either case, without the Blue Team, and with Norway representing the second European spot instead of possible strong teams from England and France, the competition, as one of the Aces put it, had "all the feel of a minor league duplicate tournament."

So the Aces are the new world champions, and what could be more natural than a head-to-head match between them and the Italian Blue Team? Anyone thinking of staging such a challenge match is just a few hundred thoughts behind Ira Corn, the 300-pound Dallas millionaire who founded the Aces, pays them and issues them daily directives that sometimes include items such as "shoes will be shined." Underlined, yet. Ira may be a little slow going up stairs, but he can think with the fastest of them, and what he is thinking now—has already set up, in fact—is a television series involving the two teams. It will take three weeks or so in the shooting, run maybe 13 weeks on television and offer \$150,000 to the winning team. Bridge has been televised before with moderate success, but Corn, with typical enthusiasm, claims he will introduce a few new devices that "will make this thing more exciting than ah, er—than five football games."

And that's not all. Corn has invested a bundle in the Aces—he gave each of the six a \$1,000 bonus for winning in Stockholm—and now he is anxious to turn them into a profit-making organization. On June 1, more than 30 U.S. newspapers started carrying *Bridge With the Aces*, a column written by Eddie Kantar but bearing Corn's byline. Now that the Aces are champions, the world can brace itself for a flood of instructions. There is no game the Aces cannot tell you how to play better—backgammon, gin rummy, poker and, of course, bridge. In fact, if Ira Corn feels there are enough krona pitchers around, the Aces will show you how they do it.

The Aces arrived in Stockholm three days before play began so they could have time to adjust to the five-hour time change and to the short summer nights. Bridge players are used to going to bed at dawn, but in Stockholm dawn was at 2:20 a.m., and by 4 the sun was hot. The trip over was noteworthy on two counts. Olof Palme, the prime minister of Sweden, was on the same plane, and so the flight was delayed an hour and a half while the baggage was searched for possible bombs. At the airport in Stockholm the Aces were greeted by students carrying a large banner on which was written: BEKAMPA U.S.A. IMPERIALISM, a Swedish version of Yankee Go Home. The sign was undoubtedly intended for the attention of the prime minister, but it served as a warning to the Aces that in Stockholm they would not be the sentimental favorites. As it turned out, the Aces not only won the title but unanimous praise for their unflinching courtesy at the table.

All five teams, as well as a large army of camp followers—wives, girl friends,

continued

fourth 19 to 1 to give the U.S. the title for the first time since 1954.

Early in the third match on the final Thursday, Jim Jacoby, son of Ozzie, and Bobby Wolff bid and made a grand slam while the Chinese went down at six. Bam! Thereafter, the Chinese resistance fizzled out completely, and the Aces piled up the score. Before the last match, the cumulative point score was 45 to 13, and China was helpless. In the last 32 deals, Robert Hamman and Mike Lawrence actually experimented with the Roman Club, with no less an expert in that system as commentator than Giorgio Belladonna. The official margin by which the Aces brought home the Bermuda Bowl was 64-14.

What was missing from this year's championships was the Italian Blue Team, players like Belladonna, Forquet and

rooters, bridge officials and columnists—stayed at the Foresta, a mighty fortress of a hotel equipped with a roulette wheel, a blackjack table and dozens of slot machines. Ordinarily, such toys can keep bridge players amused indefinitely, but at the Foresta, the roulette paid off at only 20 to 1, the blackjack had house rules that favored the dealer and the slot machines delivered slugs that could only be spent inside the hotel. The games were judged as having no class and were boycotted.

The Foresta also had a swimming pool, and that was most certainly not boycotted. Every morning you could find members of the Aces or their families lounging in the hot sun. Jim Jacoby would play backgammon with his mother, their jaws tense with battle. Bobby Goldman, Mike Lawrence and Billy Eisenberg, all bachelors, would make pe-

riodic visits to check out Sweden's famous blondes. Or brunettes. Or red-heads. Betsy Wolff, wife of Bobby, described one day the problem of buying uniforms for the Aces, including an extra one for Coach Joe Musumeci. "Ever try finding seven identical ties?" she asked.

Robert Hamman showed up one day to report on his trip to an art museum. An art museum? Tell us later, Robert. But wait. It seems Robert's wife Barbara had insisted on the trip, and Robert sort of tagged along and was at least holding his own when they turned the corner into a room and—bingo—let's hear it for modern Swedish art. Which of course had everyone by the pool anxious to make a trip to that museum as soon as possible.

The poolside contingent enjoyed a private joke one day during the final match. A six-club contract was being played on the viewing screen, and the commentator was Denmark's multilingual expert Alexander Koltscheff. When the declarer laid down the ace of trumps instead of taking a finesse, Koltscheff remarked, "In Sweden, the king of clubs is often bare." This time it wasn't; in fact, the player behind the ace was void of clubs. But part of the titter from the audience came from those who knew what had happened that morning at the pool. Eddie Kantar had been giving free bridge lessons to three of the girls in the American party, and for this session they rang in one of those decks with naughty pictures. When Kantar picked up his first hand he nearly fell off the chair.

The most regular visitor to the pool was Ozzie Jacoby. Every morning Ozzie would appear in his blue bathing suit, look for someone—anyone—he knew and then launch into a series of stories. "Yes," he would say, "bridge players have always been great gamblers. I remember the time P. Hal Sims and Willard Karn went to dinner. After a few minutes they decided to guess how many sugar cubes were in the bowl before them. 'No, wait,' said Sims. 'Let's have the waiter bring us a new bowl.' When the new bowl arrived, Sims guessed 33, Karn 37. They counted the cubes and there were exactly 37."

"'Curious,' said Sims, 'I paid that waiter 55 to put 33 cubes in the bowl.'"

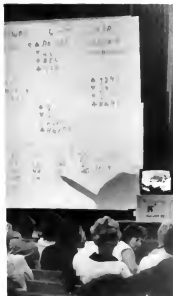
"'And I,' said Karn, 'paid him 510 to put in 37.'"

Jacoby has always had one of the most amazing minds in bridge. At poolside he demonstrated that he can still take a deck of cards, remove one without looking at it, go through the rest of the deck at lightning speed and then name the missing card. He likes to tell the story of the time someone bet him he couldn't drink five quick zombies and then multiply two six-figure numbers in his head. They went to a bar, where Ozzie drank the zombies, correctly multiplied his numbers and, when he started to leave, found he was too drunk to walk.

There was some speculation before the tournament began that Ozzie would not be a good captain—O.K., perhaps, when all was going well, but a disaster if the team fell behind. Because the team won so easily, the theory was never tested. There was a moment on the second day when the U.S. fell behind Nationalist China after half a match. During the intermission, Lawrence, a pleasant but curiously detached young man, said one thing. Ozzie another, and suddenly there was Ozzie chasing Lawrence down the hall. But nothing damaging was said.

On the eve of the tournament, the Swedish Bridge League made a determined effort to have its own national team included in the championship. Upset at not having the Italian Blue Team on hand to draw bridge crowds to the Foresta, the Swedes felt that only the presence of their own team would insure a financial success. But the motion was voted down. The chairman of the organizing committee, Eric Jannersten, then made a move to have bidding boxes used in the championship, so that players would not speak their bids but pull them from a box. Bidding in international competition is in English, and while the bidding-box motion was being debated, one of the U.S. party was told, "You Americans have had things your way for too long." The bidding box was finally voted down, which must have disappointed Jannersten, who happens to have the local concession.

The night of the first match, everyone was invited to Corn's suite for a light training-type meal. The Aces are not a big drinking team, but they can eat like giants, and Corn wanted his boys in shape. It was a procedure he was to follow throughout the tournament whenever the U.S. team had an evening



On closed-circuit TV and a large screen, the Foresta audience follows the action.

match. The wives scurried about like Red Cross ladies, making sandwiches, pouring Cokes and trying not to look as tense as they obviously felt.

The players were far more relaxed as they reviewed their bidding systems, Jacoby with Wolff, Hamman with Lawrence, Goldman with Eisenberg. Listening to bridge players talk bridge is a little like tuning in on a foreign language for the first time. In Ira's suite and the lobby of the Foresta all week, this is the sort of thing you heard:

"Get this. I hold ace-jack fifth, 10 third, king-queen third and two small clubs. One heart from my partner, two clubs on my right. What do I bid?"

At moments such as these, all you have to do is nod and smile. There is no point in guessing the bid because you are about to be told the answer. As a matter of fact, the bridge player doesn't want you to say anything. He just wants someone to talk at.

When the first match began, the championship ended, although it took 11 more days to make it official. During those periods when the U.S. fell behind, Corn would develop a headache, and he would twist and turn his massive body in his chair in the Foresta ballroom where the hands were shown on the screen. Invariably, the Aces would rally. The wives and other U.S. rooters would stare anxiously as the play of the hand was phoned in and the cards were crossed out on the screen. A critical moment: Will Wolff make the right play? Tension. Come on, Bobby, play the jack. He did! A squeal from the wives. Wolff and Jacoby set the contract that Goldman and Eisenberg made in the other room. A big 13 IMPs to the Aces. They're ahead ... It happened almost every time.

And then the Aces would emerge from their card-playing rooms, smiling, trying not to sneaker. But it was hard. There were a few good players among the other teams, like the lively Gabriel Chagas of Brazil, but not enough. The consensus was that any one of five or six U.S. teams could have won this year.

After every session it was up to Ozzie's room for a team meeting, but to get to Ozzie's meant going through the lobby. And that meant pausing for a few moments to pitch a few kronor. Just a few. The Aces will be right there, Ozzie, but right now they feel the need for a little competition.

END



In the final session Aces Bob Heineman (left) and Mika Lawrence take on Taiwan's Nationalist Chinese, as bids and play are officiously recorded and phoned to the screening room.



An expansive host of the victory celebration, the Corn sponsor and outcort of the Aces, was vindicated in his belief that a team of professionals would conquer the bridge world.

DREDGING MONEY FROM THE BANK

Aragonite worth billions is being mined in the Bahamas. Sometimes on a clear day you can't see the bottom **by COLES PHINIZY**

Across the inky-blue Gulf Stream from Florida, near the sheer edge of the Great Bahama Bank, a new island is emerging from the sea. Although it bears the appealing name Ocean Cay, this new island is not, and never will be, a palm-fringed paradise of the sort the Bahamian government promotes in travel ads. No brace of love doves would ever

choose Ocean Cay for a honeymoon, no beauty in a brief bikini would waste her sweetness on such desert air.

Of all the 3,000 islands and islets and cays in the Bahamas, Ocean Cay is the least lovely. It is a flat, roughly rectangular island which, when completed, will be 200 acres and will resemble a barren swath of the Sahara. Ocean Cay

does not need allure. It is being dredged up from the seabed by the Dillingham Corporation of Hawaii for an explicit purpose that will surely repel more tourists than it will attract. In simplest terms, Ocean Cay is a big sandpile on which the Dillingham Corporation will pile more sand that it will subsequently sell on the U.S. mainland.

The sand that Dillingham is dredging is a specific form of calcium carbonate called aragonite, which is used primarily in the manufacture of cement and as a soil neutralizer. For the past 5,000 years or so, with the flood of the tide, waters from the deep have moved over the Bahamian shallows, usually warming them in the process so that some of the calcium carbonate in solution precipitated out. As a consequence, today along edges of the Great Bahama Bank there are broad drifts, long bars and curving barchans of pure aragonite.

Limestone, the prime source of calcium carbonate, must be quarried, crushed and recrushed, and in some instances refined before it can be utilized. By contrast, the aragonite of the Bahamian shallows is loose and shifty stuff, easily sucked up by a hydraulic dredge from a depth of one or two fathoms. The largest granules in the Bahamian drifts are little more than a millimeter in diameter. Because of its fineness and purity, the Bahamian aragonite can be used, agriculturally or industrially, without much fuss and bother.

It is a unique endowment. There are similar aragonite drifts scattered here and there in the warm shallows of the world, but nowhere as abundantly as in the Bahamas. In exchange for royalties, the Dillingham Corporation has exclusive rights in four Bahamian areas totaling 8,235 square miles. In these areas there are about four billion cubic yards—roughly 7.5 billion long tons—of aragonite. At rock-bottom price the whole deposit is worth more than \$15 billion. An experienced dredging company like Dillingham should be able to suck up 10 million tons a year, which will net the Bahamian government an annual royalty of about \$600,000.

On the basis of such big, round figures, the mining of aragonite seems to be a bonanza operation. In reality it is still a doubtful venture for both Dillingham and the Bahamas. For Dillingham the big question is whether the aragonite can be hauled to market cheaply



THE FOUR AREAS under concession to the Dillingham Corporation cover 8,235 miles. Work has already begun south of Bimini and an island is rising from the sea. The area north of Andros completely encompasses one of the world's best bonefishing flats.

enough to compete with other suppliers. For the Bahamas the question is more provocative. What effect will the dredging have on tourism, the major industry of the islands? Two years ago the Bahamian government made a study of the tourist trade and found that out of a gross business of \$193 million, about \$52 million in wages and profits ended up in Bahamian hands. The bright beaches and clean waters, the deep reefs and shallow coral gardens, the game fish of the flats and the bigger game fish of the open sea—these are the basic assets of tourism that are apt to be diminished by a dredging operation.

Dredging is inherently a dirty business. Worthy servant though it is, a hydraulic dredge simply does not fit into the natural scheme. The spume created by the cutter of a dredge's maw and the cloudy water from its discharge pipe are usually more than God's little marine creatures can tolerate for long. The Bahamian government does not say much about the aragonite operation, and the Dillingham Corporation says almost nothing. In this day when all sorts of strident anti-pollutionists are at the palace gates, reticence on the part of anyone who is robbing the beautiful Bahamian waters is understandable—understandable but also deplorable and, in the long run, stupid. It is human nature to suspect big operators, particularly the big, quiet ones who—true or not—seem to be making money hand over fist. By their reticence the Dillingham people are inviting distrust and as a consequence will probably be charged with crimes they have not committed.

A mile or two west of the Dillingham Corporation's artificial island, Ocean Cay, charter boats run the edge of the Gulf Stream in quest of hillfish and tuna. Often, on the ebb tide, cloudy water driven by prevailing easterly winds moves from the Great Bahama Bank over the deep. This cloudiness is sometimes caused by long swells born of distant storms and sometimes by stiff local winds that kick up a fuss in the shallows. When the Dillingham operation gets going full blast, it will certainly add to the natural saltness. In the future the cloudy water that fishermen encounter may be the work of a Dillingham dredge or it may be an act of God—or a combination of the two. It will not matter which. Since fishermen are human, innately suspicious and easily disgruntled,



SILTY WATERS SURROUND OCEAN CAY WHERE DREDGES SINK HUNGRY MAWS

they will be inclined to blame all the dirty water on Dillingham.

One of the Dillingham mining concessions completely surrounds the Joulers Cays, a bonefishing area of proven worth. In the future, when the water is cloudy and the bonefish do not respond to the lure as they did of yore, the unlucky anglers will not take God to task; they will curse Dillingham.

Northwest of Ocean Cay there is a deep and little-known reef that stretches intermittently for eight miles along a submerged terrace—a rich and spectacular range. There are narrow canyons and caves in this drowned scarp, and a pro-

fusion of fish large and small. From the way the living corals spread over the buttresses of ancient rock it is obvious that the existence of the deep reef depends on a prevalence of clean water from the Gulf Stream. In the future if the water is often cloudy and the life of the reef seems to be wasting away, the scuba divers probably will blame Dillingham.

What effect aragonite mining actually will have on any parcel of the Great Bahama Bank is still a wild guess since no one has a sufficient grasp of the problem. Aragonite is fairly heavy stuff, weighing almost three times as much as water. When stirred up, the largest gran-

—FRANK R. STONE

ules sink quite rapidly, but in a hundred tons of the deposit there are a couple of tons of very fine stuff that can stay in suspension for a week. In that time a large cloud of such material may travel 30 miles, riding the tide and the whims of the wind, casting shadows over rich marine areas that seldom suffer under such a pall. In scientific papers already published on the Great Bahama Bank there is good information about the movement of water, but none detailed enough to indicate just how a constant stream of cloudy water is apt to wander from a given location.

Before any biologist could assess the effect of aragonite mining, he would have to know a bit about the operation, specifically how the dredges are to be used and the expected rate of production. The Dillingham Corporation has declined to give out such information, maintaining that it might be "a benefit to other suppliers of limestone on the mainland." Since the corporation has exclusive rights to the Bahaman drifts, and will be using mining techniques different from those employed in quarries, it is hard to see how such basic information could possibly benefit rival suppliers on land.

The Dillingham Corporation claims that the Bahaman government has already had "ecological studies" made in the area of Ocean Cay and is having "continuing studies every 90 days." Although this claim is a slight overstatement, it is true that, at the request of the Bahaman Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries, last December Dr. Dorbin Tabb of Miami's Institute of Marine Science did make a two-day survey of the area. Dr. Tabb was obliged to conduct his investigation on a budget of \$1,500 and without a complete idea of the dredging technique or any knowledge of the expected rate or continuity of production. On the basis of his hit-and-run survey, Dr. Tabb concluded that there was no solid reason why the relatively sterile aragonite drifts should not be mined, provided the operation was kept under surveillance. He was particularly concerned with the effect the altered bottom contour might have on turtle-grass beds in the shallows and what effect the silt from dredging might have on tuna migration in the deep.

Confronted by concern among biologists and by rumbling in the press, last month the Bahaman Government Information Services put out their first

news release on the aragonite operation. The release emphasized Dr. Tabb's solid opinion that the aragonite areas are undersown Saharas of little biological worth. It said nothing about what might happen when the dust of these submerged Saharas is kicked up by a dredge and drifts over richer areas downstream.

A large hydraulic dredge with a two-foot throat can easily pick up 10,000 cubic yards of loose aragonite in a day. In the process it also sucks up at least six times as much water—roughly 10 million gallons. When that much silty slurry drains directly back into the sea, it creates quite a cloud—virtually an endless stream since dredges usually operate day and night in the interests of economy. Under their contract with the Bahamas, the Dillingham Corporation has the right to pile up 12 artificial islands. Logically, in the coming years the corporation will situate these islands so that dredges with a practical range of several miles can discharge aragonite and slurry directly onto them. In such case the cloudiness will certainly be diminished. The extent of it will depend largely on how much silt the head of the dredge stirs up and how much remains in solution when the slurry drains, or is pumped, off the islands.

When a storm of gale force sweeps the Bahamas it produces cloudy water that may persist over vast areas for as long as a week. A hundred dredges toiling around the clock could not possibly create a condition comparable to what the Bahamas get when a hurricane gives them a good dusting. But there is a difference. The storms of nature are a very sporadic blight. They have occurred throughout many yesterdays and will come again tomorrow. The life of the sea, often hanging in fine balance, has accommodated to that inevitability. Human pollution is a brand-new burden. The unnatural filth suddenly contributed by man may be only a pennyweight of the total, but that is sometimes enough to tip the scale.

Drab though it is to the naked eye, a mat of turtle grass on the sea floor is quite a vital place. On the slimy blades of grass there are a host of minor organisms that feed on smaller organisms and are themselves eaten by larger ones. Seven years ago Dr. Donald Moore of Miami's Institute of Marine Science found, among other things, 28,000 univalve and bivalve mollusks in one square

meter of turtle grass. Ten years ago, using seines and pushnets, Victor Springer and Andrew McErlan of the Florida State Board of Conservation sampled a shoreline flat of the Florida Keys one day each month for a year. Although the sand and grass tract they searched was less than two football fields in area—and the water did not exceed five feet in depth—Springer and McErlan found 106 species of fish. Grunts, snappers, gobies, porgies, blennies, wrasse, groupers, barracuda; yellowtail and tripletail; bait fish and lizard fish; goatfish and parrot fish; big-eyed jacks and little queen triggers; papfish and filefish and spadefish; bonefish and surgeonfish; needlefish and thread herring—you name it, Springer and McErlan found it. A good number of fish they netted in the shallows were juveniles of species that subsequently take up residence on coral reefs in deeper water.

Many fish that dwell in, on, or around living coral return to the grasses behind the reef to forage. Some of these reef dwellers go to the grass to feed by daylight, others hole up by day and feed at night. As Dr. Gilbert Voss of the Institute of Marine Science puts it, "Inward evening, between the reef and the turtle grass, there can be a real traffic jam." While serving at the University of Puerto Rico three years ago, Dr. Jack Randall examined the stomachs of 3,526 reef fish of 212 species. Curiously, although soft coral polyps are easily ingested, and should be nourishing, only 10 of the 212 species that Randall examined had eaten any coral—none of them more than a trace. A preponderance of the species Randall studied were directly or indirectly dependent on the turtle-grass beds for nourishment. Sea urchins, which eat turtle grass, would seem to be too painful a mouthful for almost any fish, yet Randall found a considerable percentage of urchins in the stomachs of 34 reef species.

In the clear waters of the Bahamas today nursery and feeding grounds of turtle grass commonly prosper 25 feet down and have been found at 40 feet. By contrast, for want of light in the turbid waters of Biscayne Bay around Miami, turtle grass is no longer found much deeper than 10 feet. To sum it up, when a dredge forces a turtle-grass bed out of business, the curtain also comes down on a hell of a big variety show.

It is a common fallacy of man to believe that a profusion of other forms of life is proof of their prosperity and permanence. Despite all its variety and oddity, despite its apparent extravagance and luxuriance, a coral reef is often a desperate place. As viewed through a diver's mask, magnified to heroic proportion, the finest reefs of the Bahamas seem to be durable, monumental works of long standing. In truth the very best of Bahamian reefery is no more than a thin veneer—a very recent culture of reef corals that has managed to take hold and spread mostly in the past 5,000 years under conditions that have probably never been ideal.

When silt particles settle upon them, the polyps of reef-building coral must work to get rid of the intruders. When the workload becomes excessive, the polyps are forced to close shop for a while—and sometimes forever.

Today, largely because of the work of the late Dr. Thomas Goreau of the University of the West Indies, scientists recognize that turbid water has still another adverse effect on reef corals. In clear, shallow water of 10 feet the coral *Acropora palmata*—one of the primary reefbuilders—is usually massive, thick-limbed, on all counts prosperous enough and strong enough to hold its own against the constant invasion of borers and the pummeling of the sea. A mere 10 feet deeper, the same species, if found at all, is much weaker in structure, and growth by actual measurement is considerably slower. When cloudy water persistently reduces the light, the coral is, in effect, thrust to a depth where it cannot build and where it may not survive.

When Astronauts return to earth, the moon dust is vacuumed from them and they are quarantined for two weeks. The moon dust is reputedly sterile, but we take no chances. The Dillingham Corporation and the Bahamian government are willing to gamble with the sterile dust of the aragonite drifts. When there are so many specialists today who can minimize the risk, why do they gamble? Primarily, it seems, because Dillingham prefers to hoard the truth and the Bahamian government is too skintight to pay for a proper investigation. In a day when we are all getting a trifle sadder and wiser about the environment, this view is as murky as the waters surrounding Ocean Cay.

END

**You bet I'm a
Green Stripe
backer**

New, Tintype Heroes

In the old days of baseball, Ossee Schreekeagost stuffed his catcher's mitt with feathers to muffle the legendary fast ball of Rube Waddell, and that great ballhawk of more than a century ago, John Chnpman, won the sobriquet, 'Death to Flying Things.' But it remained for Photographer Mark Knuffman to introduce a stuffed phensant into the game. Recently he stood one up next to Baltimore's Robinsons, Frank and Brooks, and snapped the kind of picture that has not been seen since players wore turtle-necks and rode to the park in trolley cars. Delighted with the effect, Kauffman surrounded some other of todny's heroes with rich and assorted relics of our mauve past. The plnyers responded with enough ham to produce on the following pages the hundsme album of new tintypes.



Frank Robinson

Brooks Robinson



Frank Howard



Maury Wills



Jim Perry

Roy Perranoski



Hoyt Wilhelm



Orlando Cepeda



Luis Aparicio



Bob Veale

Bill Mazaroski



Willie Mays

The End



◆ "The other guides have a feeling about Mt. Rainier that is sort of a religion," says **Joe Kennedy III**, "and I'm getting the feeling too." Joe (left), with Phuntsaba Sherpa of Nepal, has signed on as an apprentice guide to climbers of Mt. Rainier and will spend the rest of the summer learning mountaineering under **Lou Whitaker**, brother of **Jim Whitaker**, the first American to climb Everest. So far young Joe has spent a lot of time hauling supplies the four miles up to Camp Muir, at the 10,000-foot level, and he confessed recently, "I still get tired." Not so his mother, **Ethel**, who came out to visit and zipped to Camp Muir at a pace that impressed the local pros. Nobody made her carry stuff, though.

"I've been a ham all my life," observes **Sugar Ray Robinson** of his acting career. "So why shouldn't I get paid for it?" The former middle-and welterweight champion is being paid quite a lot for in these days, having done stage plays, TV series and commercials, but more money could not lure him into a film role of a drug addict. "I was up for a good part at Fox," he said last week. "but they wanted me to play a dope fiend. I couldn't do

it. I've spent too many years building up a good name." One of the things Sugar's good name is attached to is The Sugar Ray Robinson Youth Foundation. This is an enterprise very important to the ex-champion, and perhaps it's why he sounded uneasy even about the beer commercial he had made with **Rocky Gurrenno**. "The residuals are great," he admitted, "but I wish it had been for a soft drink. I don't drink beer."

Astronaut **Joe Swigert** received a special award at the annual banquet of the National Association of Collegiate Athletic Directors in Houston—a "pinch hitter of the year" trophy for the man who went in for Astronaut **Thomas Mattingly** on Apollo 13. Acknowledging the honor, Swigert said modestly, "I'm not used to speaking this early on the program. I'm usually way down the line. By the time I stand up to talk I feel like Barbara Hutton's fifth husband—I know what I'm supposed to do; the problem is to make it interesting."

When **Ted Williams** called his fishing buddy **Bud Leavitt** of the *Boston Daily News* a while ago, he sounded very down and out. "What's wrong with your voice?" Leavitt asked. Said Williams: "I've been yelling and screaming and even praying for a few base hits. We can't get three hits in one inning if it kills us, and it's killing me. I can't sleep after we lose a ball game. Someone figured out we've lost 14 games by one run. If you don't think that isn't hard to take . . . I play the game over and over all night." Leavitt asked Williams what happens if **Bob Short**, the Senators' owner, is elected governor of Minnesota. Williams said, "If he becomes governor, I'm a candidate to become his conservation director. I probably would make a lousy conservation director,

but I'd sure as hell get in some fishing." Which always has been Ted's idea of the good life, and, as he says, "You never know how good life is until you get into this business."

A wrestler who started out in life as **Spinos Mantonakis** has changed his name to **Spino Arion**, which may not be a household word in the U.S. but is mighty close to it. Arion is now booked as a main eventer on the Coast, and has developed some real patriots for his cause. Many of his fans call him **Agnew**, and at a recent match against **Pat Patterson** he was urged to hit Patterson with a golf ball or a microphone. One enthusiast shouted, "We're matching you with **Walter Cronkite** next!" In the wrestling world, with its neat division between good guys and villains, **Spino** is classified as a hero.

◆ "The happiest moment of my life," said **Jim Ryan**. "The only thing to come close to comparing with it was my marriage." He was speaking of the birth of his first child, a daughter to be named **Heather**, born to Jim and his wife **Anne** at 3:29 p.m. on Father's Day. "You know," he went on, "women display an aw-

ful lot of courage in this situation . . . everything went well, and I was never really concerned, but the tension must have been greater than I realized while **Anne** was in labor." In the evening when the delivery was over, Ryan went home to bed a little after 8 o'clock and didn't wake up until 15 hours later. "After a big rice I was always up at 6 o'clock in the morning, ready to run eight miles or so," he said later. Hospital routine being what it is, Jim's 15-hour sleep probably was a good deal more than **Anne** got, and babies being what they are, it is probably more than Jim's going to get any time soon.

"Aw, they've just got a bunch of fingers," said **John McCormack**, proving once again that there are some feelings you simply don't outgrow. McCormack may be 78 years old and about to retire as Speaker of the House, but his team lost. For the eighth time in nine years, the Republicans defeated the Democrats in the annual Congressional baseball game. The Democrats apparently did win a pre-game cloakroom skirmish—they got the Republicans to play **Vinegar Bend Mizell** in right field instead of letting him pitch, and their tactics were straightforward enough. "If **Mizell** pitches," they are reported to have said, "we won't play." So **Mizell** didn't pitch and the Democrats didn't play much, losing by a score of 6-4.

The Eagles' **Lynn Hoyer** left pro football because he wanted to fly, and he is now a flight engineer for Northwest Orient Airlines. He expects to become a copilot after about 100 more flights and, in another year, a captain. "Football and flying are close, more than people realize," he says. "You have to try for perfection, because if you try just for 75%, where are you going to fall?"



100's
20 CIGARETTES

PALL MALL

FAMOUS CIGARETTES



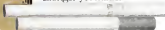
FILTER TIPPED

U.S. Government
figures
show

PALL MALL GOLD 100's

lower in
'tar'
than the
best-selling
filter king

...longer yet milder



"tar"
PALL MALL GOLD 100's 19mg
Best-selling filter king 21mg.

In Montreal they love Le Grand Orange

The Expos knew they were getting a good ballplayer when they traded for Rusty Staub, but not in their happiest dreams could they have imagined what a valuable ambassador of goodwill they had in the redhead

It was lunch hour in Montreal, and the outdoor mall of La Place Ville Marie was swarming noisily to the beat of a steel band as thousands of dark-haired French-Canadian secretaries, all wearing the micro-minist of skirts, paraded around the kiosks, oblivious, it seemed, to the stares of tortured French-Canadian men. Suddenly, though, the mall was still and all eyes were fixed on the tall, red-haired man entering La Place from an adjacent building. A young girl shouted, "C'est Le Grand Orange."

Rusty Staub started to walk across the mall. Girls tried to guess his route so they could form human roadblocks. Some succeeded. Men, content perhaps to study the scurrying forms of the females, simply yelled at him.

"Quand gagnerez les Expos une autre victoire?" [When will the Expos win another game?]

"Ce soir, j'espère" [Tonight, I hope]," Staub answered.

He walked fast. Faster. Still faster. The crowd followed him, swelling in size.

Finally, his clothes intact, Staub revolved through the doors of La Popina, a stylish restaurant. More people—sedate businessmen, housewives, shutterbug tourists—approached his table and requested autographs. Staub signed napkins, handkerchiefs, blank checks for all "Mes Meilleurs Souhaits, Le Grand Orange [My Best Wishes, Rusty]," he wrote. Then he ordered his own lunch.

Staub laughed. "Have you ever seen such excitement, such absolute chaos in your life?" he asked. "And, remember, there were a lot of people in baseball who said Montreal would never be a major league city. Now show me a better one."

Le Grand Orange, more than anyone else, has helped make Montreal not only a major league city but also one of the half dozen best towns in baseball. After he was traded to the new Expos by the Houston Astros in January 1969, Staub, sanely, immersed himself completely in the city of Montreal, the province of Quebec and the entire country of Canada.

He leased an apartment only a three-block underground walk from the Forum and became an instant Canadian hockey nut. Then he hired a tutor and took French lessons.

"I felt I should be able to communicate with the people of Montreal in their own language," he explained. "After all, they were interested in baseball. I thought I should be interested enough in them to learn how to converse with them."

Staub surprises even himself with what he can say in French. "I still must translate English thoughts into French words," he says, "but there will be a day when I will be able to think in French, too." In the meantime, he makes speeches in French. Last winter he passed up all the warm-weather celebrity golf tournaments as well as Mardi Gras back home in New Orleans and gave talks at more than 50 places throughout frigid Canada—usually charging only for his legitimate expenses. In Quebec his tongue was French, everywhere else, English. "Rusty Staub," says John McHale, the president of the Expos, "did the greatest job of public relations for baseball that I have ever seen."

What Staub really did was sell baseball to a city—indeed, a whole nation—that will have to live with a losing team for more years than it probably ever imagined. In 1969, its first big-league season, Montreal finished last in the National League East but had a home attendance of over 1.2 million—approximately twice what either the San Diego or Seattle franchises drew—despite playing in tiny, 28,456-seat Parc Jarry. This was an amazing record for a city accustomed to winners (Les Canadiens and the old Brooklyn Dodgers farm club, the Royals). So far this season the Expos are still in last place, and they most likely will remain there, but home attendance has increased more than 34,000 for comparative dates.



BEFORE HOME GAME WITH METS, STAUB PATIENTLY SIGNS PROGRAMS FOR ADMIRERS

"We do not hope our Expos lose the game tonight," a portly fan explained before a recent game the Expos lost to the Cincinnati Reds, "but we do not quite expect them to win the game, either. We come out here to have some fun, drink some beer and, of course, to see our Rusty hit the baseball."

Fortunately for Staub and the Expos, Le Grand Orange happened to arrive in Montreal at a time when Canada was desperately searching for a new sports hero. Traditionally, the idol of Canada has hit a puck and scored goals, usually for Les Canadiens. There were Howe Morenz, Toe Blake, Maurice (Rocket) Richard and, most recently, Jean Beliveau. But now Beliveau is almost 39 years old, and there is no hockey player ready to succeed him in the dynasty.

"I am well aware of the dynasty theory in Montreal," Staub says. "I know what is available to me here. It is something that I must handle delicately and professionally. Most importantly, I've got to do it out there on the field."

Only 26, Staub has been doing well on the field since 1961, when Houston gave him a \$132,000 bonus and announced that he would lead them to a pennant someday. In 1967 Staub came into his own as a big-league batter, hitting .333 and almost winning the batting championship. The following year he slipped to .291 but still was among the top 10 National League hitters.

Nevertheless, there was mutual disenchantment between Staub and the Astro management, which has been compared—with reason—to a Boy Scout operation. At spring training the players are locked into barracks every night. Almost every night during the season there is a bed check. "The entire operation is gripped by fear," Staub says. "Everything is an ultimatum."

Staub is a bachelor, and the Astros, it seems, always presumed that he was trying to become Houston's answer to Joe Willie Namath. "If I did half the things they thought I did, I'd be a cripple," he says. "Married players go out with their wives after games, why shouldn't I go out with a date? I'm no wild man."

The parting of the ways came on Jan. 22, 1969 when Staub was traded to Montreal for Outfielder Jesus Alou and First Baseman Donn Clendenon. Clendenon refused to report to Houston, and for a time it appeared that the trade

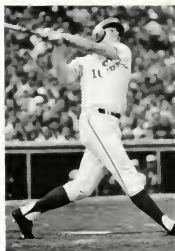
would be voided. But Baseball Commissioner Bowie Kuhn told Staub and Alou to report to their new teams and ordered the Expos to compensate the Astros for the loss of Clendenon. "Houston should lose Staub for even thinking about trading him," said Luman Harris, the manager of the Atlanta Braves and a former Houston manager. "Maybe that's what Kuhn was thinking, too."

The Staub trade was the first deal made by the Expos, and they will never make a better one. Last year, providing Montreal with its only real touch of professional respectability, Le Grand Orange hit for his usual high average (.302) but, more important, he also hit 29 home runs—the exact total of his home runs for the previous three seasons when he played half his games in the spacious Astrodome.

"I always knew Rusty had *beaucoup* power even before I knew what *beaucoup* meant," says Gene Mauch, the Expos' manager. "It was a matter of telling him he should swing for the fences and forget slapping the ball. He's a devastating hitter no matter what he does."

Staub's performances on the field permitted him to become a celebrity off it. Soon some of Canada's major corporations began to inquire about his availability for promotional work. Staub became associated with Gerry Patterson, who also conducts all of Jean Beliveau's business affairs, and now Rusty Staub is Rusty Staub, Inc., sharing a suite of offices high above La Place Ville Marie with Jean Beliveau, Inc. Often when the Expos are at home, Staub drives to the office and for a few hours conducts his business affairs. Most times this means a luncheon talk, some of it in French, of course.

There are some people, even in Montreal, who suspect that Staub is becoming too involved with his burgeoning business interests to pay sufficient attention to his performances on the field. Staub insists his life in a baseball uniform comes first, and it is true that if he has not hit with the same authority that he did last season, that is partly because rival pitchers rarely offer him anything to hit except waste pitches. He is the only tough out in the Expos' lineup. One day recently when he did get the pitches he wanted, he had 3 for 4, including a two-run homer, and threw out the tying run at the plate as the Expos beat the Mets 6-3 to stop their five-



LONG-STRIDING STAUB SMASHES HOMER

game win streak. Sunday his two-run homer downed the Mets again, 3-2.

Recently, walking through La Place Ville Marie, Staub paused to reflect on his coming to Montreal. "The Expos," he said, "traded for a ballplayer. I hope I've been more than a ballplayer to them."

Right then a girl shouted: "C'est Le Grand Orange!"

THE WEEK

by ROY BLOUNT JR.

NL EAST NEW YORK sent Ed Kranepool down to Tidewater, after all these years, and popped into first place by snatching five straight from the Cubs. PITTSBURGH played its last game in Forbes Field, after all these years, and also moved over .500 and into second. Roberto Clemente saved a 3-2 win with a leaping catch against the walk, tipping the ball with his glove and then grabbing it on the way down. CHICAGO lost 10 straight and 11 of 12, and chafed under such insults as being called "light-collar workers" in the

continued

press. ST. LOUIS finally got a dividend on the \$50,000 bonus they paid Jim Beauchamp 12 years ago. Two shoulder separations and many travels later, Beauchamp won a game for the Cards with a home run caught by a fan leaning out over the field. The victim, of course, was PHILADELPHIA, whose trainer sufficed up another aspect of the team's fortunes: "I'll have one or two fellows on tables, and maybe one or two on the diathermy machine and another at the whirlpool. I'll put a bandage on another guy and say, 'Hey, stand here a minute,' and then maybe move one guy from the machine to the water. . . ." And Joe Hoerner suffered a heart spasm while pitching. SCOTTLAND Manager Gene Mauch said his pitchers needed a leader. "We can teach them so much, but they've got to have one of their own show them the way on the mound."

NY 28-33 PIT 40-35 CHI 38-38
ST. L. 36-37 PHIL 22-29 MONT 28-44

NL WEST CINCINNATI's Crosley Field—where the first major league night game was played in 1935 (F.D.R. turning on the lights from the White House), where a girl named Kitty Burke once grabbed a bat from Babe Herman and

swung at a pitch from Paul (Daffy) Dean (giving her grounds to be billed in vaudeville later as "the only girl who batted in the big leagues") and where Andy Semick once caught a pop foul while sliding on his back down the dugout steps—has been rejigged. In their last home game before moving to Riverfront Stadium, the Reds beat Juan Marchal 5-4 with back-to-back home runs in the eighth by Johnny Bench and Lee May. Bill Singer of LOS ANGELES continued to improve in his comeback from hepatitis, pitching 7½ innings of one-hit ball against the Braves. After that performance and a shutout by Joe Moeller, ATLANTA Manager Luman Harris observed, "The Dodgers didn't have an ace on their pitching staff when they got to town. Now they have two." The Braves, on the other hand, after acquiring Aubrey Gatewood, 31, from Shreveport, now lead the league in knuckleballers with three. Phil Niekro, Hoyt Wilhelm and Gatewood, who was once told by Casey Stengel, then of the Yankees, "Son, we'd like to keep you around this season, but we're going to try to win a pennant." Henry Aaron, formerly one of Gaylord Perry's leading accusers, said he didn't think the SAN FRANCISCO pitcher was throwing the

spitter anymore. With or without it, Perry three-hit the Braves to become the first 12-game winner in the majors. When season's Joe Peprone had to stay in New York to iron out some alimony problems, young Bob Watson took over at first base and raised another problem for Peprone: Watson's average went from .189 to over .300. SAN DIEGO's Clarence Gason, 338, 49 RBIs, wondered why he hasn't been walked intentionally all year. "I know I'm for real, but the pitchers don't seem to believe it."

CUNW 52-31 LA 42-30 ATL 38-38
SF 38-37 HOU 31-43 SO 38-47

AL EAST In the 13th inning last Thursday, Frank Robinson of BALTIMORE crashed into the fence, catching a near homer and hurting his back. Unable to swing the bat in the 14th, he squeeze-bunted the go-ahead run in with the bases loaded. On Friday, slightly loner, he hit two grand-slam home runs in two at-bats. In one doubleheader day NEW YORK featured four straight home runs by Bobby Murcer, a fight between Stan Bahnsen and the Indians' Vada Pinson, a spectator arrested for exploding a firecracker under crouching Ray Fosse and a duel between



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Tony Horton and Steve Hamilton's high, soft one, the "folly floater." Horton fouled one floater off, called for another one, got it, popped it up and crawled down the dug-out steps on his knees. "Does anybody but that Timmerman?" cried Ted Williams. He was referring to Detroit's suddenly emergent reliever Tom Timmerman, who says, "I never try to think deep. The big thing is keeping the ball down. When I get it up, I hope to get by somehow." "Ray Culp's the type of guy you love to play behind," said Rocco Petroselli of Boston. "He works quickly, he's professional and you're always ready. We play better behind him. He makes us look good." He was 6 and 8. CLEVELAND had a starting rotation of Sam McDowell, Rich Hand, Steve Dunning and Rick Austin, although only McDowell had big-league experience before this year. Of Dunning, Ralph Houk said, "I'd like to own him." And in his second lifetime appearance Austin shut out the Tigers. "Nobody wins 12-2 anymore," said Washington's Williams. "Almost all games are close." The next night Baltimore beat the Senators 12-2.

BAL 46-27 NY 43-26 DET 37-30
POST 34-35 CLE 32-38 WASH 32-40

AL WEST MINNESOTA's Rod Carew, hit as he pivoted by Brewer Mike Hegan's inadvertent rolling block ("My spikes got hooked up when I tried to slide"), got off his double-play throw but "I felt the knee pop out when he hit me, and when I hit the ground it popped back in." Carew left the game with so much fluid swelling the knee that he was expected to be out for 10 weeks, which does not leave much of 1970 for the league's leading hitter to play. CALIFORNIA's Lanny Sandy Alomar (21 games) and Joe Azcue (10) had hitting streaks, and Chico Ruiz said, "Just like the Mets. We go to Las Vegas and we have the lounge of some hotel. We will have our own steel band, marimba and everything. Do you believe that?" OAKLAND picked up Tommy Davis from the Astros as a \$70,000-a-year pinch hitter and outfield substitute, and it was revealed that A's Catcher Frank Fernandez, formerly of New York, still wears his Yankee undershirt under his green-and-golds. "When you get as many hits as we did," said KANSAS CITY Manager Bob Lemon after the Royals stranded 10 men in losing 5-1, "you keep thinking you'll score. Maybe we would if we'd played a few more innings, but that damn Abner Doubleday made it a nine-inning game. Obviously he was never a manager." And Lemon never a hystorian. The gold Cadillac of CHICAGO's Lun Aparicio was stolen from a Loop garage. MILWAUKEE attendance moved ahead of Seattle's 69 pace.

MINN 42-30 CAL 42-25 OAK 42-33
KC 36-44 CRI 37-47 MIL 38-47

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With too much overkill and underthink, man—the tiger's only enemy—has put this glamorous beast on the list of severely threatened animals

The sad tale of the tiger

Guy Mountfort, once director of the international advertising agency Ogilvy & Mather and now in his retirement a trustee of the World Wildlife Fund, looks out over the soft, placid South-of-England landscape where sheep are safely grazing and talks passionately about tigers.

"Beauty, grace and glamour," he says quietly. "Once you've seen a tiger in the wild you'll never understand all the fuss about lions. Rather lethargic creatures in my opinion. But a tiger is the most beautiful animal in the world."

And, alas, one of the rarest. Six of the seven tiger subspecies had already achieved *Red Data Book* status—a list of severely threatened animals kept by the International Union for Conservation of Nature—and in November of last year, at its 10th general assembly in New Delhi, the IUCN announced that they would be joined by the last and mightiest of their race: *Panthera tigris tigris*, the Bengal tiger. This great feral cat which can weigh more than 700 pounds, exceed 10 feet in length and has the strength to carry a dead buffalo up a steep hillside, is about to disappear, too.

Mountfort is deeply concerned, professionally and emotionally, with the tiger's fate. For the past four years he has virtually been commuting between his Sussex home and the Indian subcontinent, making ecological surveys in the field and talking with high officials of Asian governments to get their backing for tiger reserve schemes.

"All the other tigers have almost gone," he explains. The Caspian tiger is down to 50 animals, mostly in Iran and Afghanistan. The Siberian tiger of the Soviet Far East and Korea may number 120 to 140. Possibly a dozen Javan tigers and an unknown number of Sumatran remain. The Bali tigers are presumed to be extinct, and the only Chinese tigers may be the paper ones of Maoist metaphor. A recent report by a Chinese zoologist on the mammals of Yunnan and Szechwan provinces, formerly the main strongholds of the tiger in China, fails to mention the species.

Mountfort reckons that there are about 2,000 Bengal tigers left in India, Pakistan and Nepal. In 1930 the equivalent figure was better than 40,000. It is

destruction of the tiger's habitat. Mountfort believes, that is responsible for its catastrophic decline in the last 20 or 30 years. In postwar India and Pakistan millions of square acres of jungle, swamp-land and prairie have disappeared to make way for commercial crops, new towns and new roads. And deer—the tiger's chief prey—have been scarce. Hydroelectric schemes have flooded valleys (even nature reserves like the Chitragong Hill Tracts), and although tigers did not need the valley for grazing, the deer did. A tiger requires around 15 pounds of fresh meat a day to survive. If it cannot find game, it turns to domestic cattle or man. Then the villagers band together to kill it.

Since prehistory man has hunted the tiger in India. But until recent years killing *Panthera tigris tigris* has been enormously expensive or enormously difficult or both. The picture of a royal shikar with hundreds of elephants and thousands of beaters, penning tigers into a ring for slaughter, is enough to blow the mind of any honest conservationist. So is the boast in 1966 of a maharaja who claimed to have slain, during a long career, 1,300 tigers. So is the hunting of King-Emperor George V: in 11 days in 1912 he and his party shot 39.

But, in fact, the tiger population of India actually rose between 1907 and 1934, according to one authority. The great princely hunts were not frequent, and even to shoot in the British style from a machan was an elaborate, costly and time-consuming business.

Two factors changed this pattern. During and after World War II, firearms became much more available to the Indian population, though it was basically the tiger's prey—rather than tigers themselves—that was drastically thinned. The other was the introduction of go-anywhere four-wheel-drive vehicles, cheaper and far more convenient than elephants. Night hunting with the aid of powerful searchlights became possible, and this proved a deadly technique. In newly independent India and Pakistan, moreover, tiger hunting was no longer the sole privilege of Indian princes and British officers.

Since the war there has been an orgy of tiger killing. Not until June of 1968 did the Indian Board for Wildlife approve a ban on the export of tiger skins, and there are still plenty of loopholes in the regulations. Although the

tiger is now a "protected" animal in India, there are still 27 agencies offering tiger hunting to tourists, at a cheaper price (around \$2,000) than that of a lion safari in Africa.

Even so, most Indian tigers are not killed by bullets. Through foreign aid programs originating in the U.S. and Europe, large quantities of dieldrin, DDT and aldrin have been supplied to Indian farmers for agricultural use. The farmers soon learned that cow carcasses spread with these poisons were perfect tiger bait. Tigers die in agony two to three weeks after absorbing them, as do the vultures, jackals and leopards which share the feast. Poison, too, is the chief weapon of tiger poachers, who can get up to \$135 for a good skin.

In the face of all this, not only has the tiger dwindled in numbers. It has also retreated—to Nepal and the foothills of the Himalayas and to the great river deltas, especially to the humid swamps of the Sunderbans, where the Ganges and Brahmaputra meet the sea.

Here Mountfort travelled in 1966 to survey the possibility of establishing a Sunderbans tiger reserve. In almost 500 square miles of jungle interlaced with a maze of waterways, there were said to be 300 tigers remaining, but a count by Mountfort indicated that a more realistic figure would be 100. He found many ecological problems, also. Almost all the swamp deer and bison had been killed by hunters, and the tigers had turned to wild boar, axis deer and the occasional human. The big problem with these tigers, says Mountfort, is not just that they eat people but pass on the tendency to their offspring.

Mountfort has now fully planned the reserve on behalf of the Pakistan government and the World Wildlife Fund and is hopeful that the latter's 1970 appeal for \$60,000 to save the tiger will succeed. The money is needed to reintroduce small game to the Sunderbans to wean the tigers away from their man-eating habits, to send local wardens for training in Europe and America and to pro-

vide them with fast, radio-equipped launches to control poaching. The Indian government may well tighten up its regulations, too. The Prime Minister, Mrs. Gandhi, opened the IUCN's last meeting at New Delhi and afterward sent for the papers on the tiger debate.

And up in the beautiful feudal kingdom of Nepal, where the big cat still has a stronghold in the Terai forest area, *Panthera tigris tigris* has another ally. This is King Mahendra, who until two years ago was himself an enthusiastic tiger hunter. Then he was struck down by a heart attack while on a tiger shikar and had to lie in the machan for a day until they flew a heart specialist out from the U.S.

Now the king no longer shoots tigers. And there are indications that he may soon declare his personal tiger-hunting reserves to be sanctuaries for the species. If he does, it will be an important stage in the campaign to prevent the Bengal tiger from dwindling to a shabby remnant in zoos and circuses. **END**

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Playing the cinco-seis in San Juan

Off-track betting may be poison here, but it works in Puerto Rico

Rafael Gonzalez, who is big in insurance in Puerto Rico, and his daughter Martha, who was breathing the clubhouse air of San Juan's El Comandante racetrack after 19 years as a Carmelite nun, sat cheerfully in the dining room studying the program. Gonzalez runs under the name of Ohio State Stable and names most of his horses for his former college classmates. Daughter Martha's Ananda Stable, says Gonzalez, "has six horses, but you know who is paying for them?" One of the six, a 2-year-old by La Fella named Kentucky Dawn, was coming onto the track for the sixth race, his second lifetime start. "Shall I pray for a victory?" asked Martha. Her father smiled. "Prayers are good when the horse is good," he said gently. "The better the horse, the better the prayers." Minutes later Kentucky Dawn won and paid \$16.

Racing at Puerto Rico's only track is pleasant, though not all that neat. El Comandante is a dandy little layout, some eight miles from downtown San Juan, and, with its 520 runoff ditches, may be the fastest-drying track in the world. Admission to the clubhouse is \$2, to the grandstand 50¢. There are 156 days of racing a year—with an average purse of \$5,000—and seven races a day three days a week. It is a chalk player's paradise. Because the same horses run over the same track so often, giving students of form a chance to really get to know them, the percentage of winning favorites at El Comandante is a staggering 61% as compared to a 33% average on tracks in the continental United States.

Although Puerto Rico is never going to be much of a threat to the major thor-

oughbred-producing states on the mainland, it is moving ahead. A dozen years ago three breeding farms produced some 80 foals. Now there are nine farms and nearly 250 foals. Puerto Rican horsemen buy about 80 U.S.-bred yearlings at auction annually (mostly at Keeneland), and El Comandante is proud that it is the only track in the world that helps finance owners. In seven years the track has advanced its owner-buyers \$2 million to spend at U.S. auctions. El Comandante will establish a maximum credit of \$30,000 for an owner and give him one year to pay off on monthly installments at a 7% interest rate, considerably less than he would find at any bank. The track fully expects most of the \$500,000 owed to it to be paid back by the end of 1970.

How does a track that barely borders on being major league manage to contribute \$1.5 million to a government educational fund when Puerto Rico's 14 gambling casinos together have contributed only \$1 million? How does a track that averages only about 6,000 in attendance for its three days per week act so financially bold? (So bold, in fact, that within two years El Comandante's present 500-acre site will be studded with high-rise buildings, and a new El Comandante, costing \$20 million, will be ready for night racing on a nearby 700-acre piece of property.)

The answer, says San Juan Racing Association President Hyman Glicksman, is off-track betting. Just about half of El Comandante's daily handle of \$350,000 is bet at the track itself. The other half comes from off the track, without which racing in San Juan would be reduced to a minor-league operation so unprofitable to management, to horsemen and to the government as to make it hardly worthwhile.

This is not to say that off-track betting is a worldwide remedy for racing's ills. Habits vary from country to country, and what may be workable in France, for example, would hardly be acceptable in England, where off-track betting on credit through bookmakers could never be entirely replaced by modern computer methods. There is off-track betting of one kind or another in Peru, Venezuela, Mexico and Japan, among others. It probably works best of all in Australia, whose highly efficient all-computerized system may show up before very long in Ontario. Governor Rockefeller has authorized

off-track betting in New York City but has yet to tell its eight million citizens (from whom he expects to extract some \$50 million in taxes a year) just exactly how they are going to be separated from their money. When he does, all the bookmakers probably will rejoice in the knowledge that they won't be deserted by loyal customers who will go right on dealing over the telephone—and on credit.

There is no sense in comparing San Juan with New York. But there is some point in examining Puerto Rico's system because it is the only U.S. territory where legalized off-track wagering operates in direct competition with a local track. Further, as the system goes into its 14th year, attendance at the track steadily increases and so does the handle. In 1957 off-track betting accounted for 60% of the handle; today it is just about 50%, proving in this case at least that access to off-track facilities does not necessarily cut down on a track's business. It can stimulate it.

Most other major off-track betting is on individual races, but Puerto Rico's system of pool betting is less complicated and therefore more functional. In the pool system—known in San Juan as the *cinco-seis* or five-six pool (similar to the five-10 at the Caliente track in Tijuana)—a bettor selects winners of six consecutive races (the second through seventh). He can do this by playing a *papelito*, which is simply the selection of one horse in each race, or by playing the *cuadro*, a multiple wager allowing him to pick any number of horses in each race. The basic bet is 25¢, and on April 19 of this year some lucky punter cashed in to the tune of \$67,000. Until last year large winnings were taxable, as they are in the U.S., but the government spent so much time and money dispatching its agents to collect taxes from winners that it came up with a better and more profitable method: tax every bettor at the source. Thus when you buy one 25¢ *papelito* you pay 33¢ in cash and the government pockets the difference. You can also play the daily double, which at El Comandante is on the fifth and sixth races.

Off-track bets are made at 439 betting shops, or *agencias hipicas*, scattered throughout San Juan and the island. There is at least one shop in every town, enabling the entire 2.6 million population of Puerto Rico to bet every race day (Wednesday, Friday and Sunday). Selections are automatically punched onto

END

49

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A HOME ON THE RANGE

There is one thing we have always especially enjoyed about this way of life," says Mrs. Eleanor Roe. Mrs. Roe indicates the flat field behind the Laredo, Texas Civic Center in the middle of which she and her husband, Dale, are sitting in a pair of aluminum and plastic lawn chairs. The field is treeless, almost grassless, and would be barren except at the moment it is occupied by 300 Airstream travel trailers. Collectively the herd of trailers is known as the Airstream Wally Byam Caravan No. 71. In a few days the Roes, along with all the other members of No. 71, will show off on an eight-week, 3,741-mile expedition to Yucatan and back. All of the trailers look very much like the Roes' Airstream #8807, being elliptical, glistening, aluminum-skinned vehicles. The 600 or so people belonging to the trailers are more various but have many points of

And rarely is heard a discouraging word as hundreds of trailer owners band into caravans, heed the creed of the Way of Life Division, park in circles like wagon trains and brave foreign lands
by BIL GILBERT



similarity. For example, a lot of them, like the Roes, are sitting in lawn chairs in the Laredo field. Almost all of them are wearing jaunty blue berets emblazoned with a Wally Byam Caravan Club insignia, a headpiece that, if not legally required, is strongly encouraged by the Air-stream operatives in charge of the caravan. But in addition to these superficial similarities, the members of the caravan have much else in common.

"So many of us," says Mrs. Roe, who is from Rudolph, Ohio, "are from small towns, have our own homes and have what I guess you could say is the small-town spirit. This is just like being in a small town, only one that moves with you. You never have a chance to get bored or lonely because there are so many friendly, interesting people with you. You're traveling but you are always at home." *continued*



The notion that driving along a highway pulling a trailer in convoy with a few hundred other trailers of the same brand is a way of life comparable to the way life is lived in a small town has occurred to many caravaners. It has also not only occurred to, but is assiduously promoted as a compelling sales pitch by virtually all of the 50 or so firms that manufacture travel trailers. (At Airstream, the largest of these companies, the corporate unit in charge of scheduling, arranging and pushing caravans is officially known as the Way of Life Division.)

But popular as the small-town figure is, it is not entirely accurate. In the first place, 300 trailers parked in a bare Texas field do not look like Rudolph, Ohio. They look like a small military bivouac or a large used-car lot. A caravan is much more homogeneous than, say, a company town in the West Virginia coal fields. There are no big, fancy, shaded houses up on the Heights, no unpainted, crumbling shacks down by the tracks. There is only acre after acre of Airstreams—or, depending on the sponsor—Avions, Holiday Ramblers, Namrods, Shastas, Winnabagos or whatever, all identical.

Furthermore, while it is true that a high percentage of the caravaners are originally from small towns, a small town populated with the kind of people who go on caravans would be a bizarre community. Nearly all caravaners are over 50. On Caravan No. 71 there are only two children. There are no indigents, but on the other hand hardly any caravaners are still regularly employed. The preretirement occupations of the group were, of course, various, but nearly all of them were of the supervisor, manager, officer, owner and/or professional type. There are no dirty people, long-haired, protesting, boar-rocking, banner-bearing people in these mobile communities and practically no drunken, philandering, pugnacious people.

Actually, a travel trailer caravan resembles the double-distilled, concentrated, 99% pure essence of Middle America, that badly named phenomenon which knows no geographical bounds and is currently intriguing so many social analysts. As is often the case in pop sociology, none of the authorities seem willing or able to circulate a definitive guide that locates Middle Americans or describes their distinctive characteristics. But until some better place is found, a student of—and one might as well use the phrase—Middle America could do worse than to go to the field behind the Laredo Civic Center. Airstream Wally Byam Caravan No. 71 is as predictable as a cheeseburger, satisfying as it does many of the deep-seated desires of touring Americans while protecting them from most of the things they know or imagine to be disagreeable.

"Take my rig over there," advised Don Dunlap, a retired Bradenton, Fla. general contractor, pointing to his 1969 27-foot air-conditioned Airstream trailer attached to his 19-foot 1969 air-conditioned Cadillac. Dunlap's rig is sitting in another bare dusty field, this one in Monterrey, Mexico, hard under an enormous Carta Blanca

beer billboard, where Caravan No. 71 has pulled up after its first day's run from Laredo. "Altogether," says Dunlap, "that cost 16,000 bucks I figure what with maintenance, depreciation and what you lose by not having the money invested, it costs you \$150 a month or so just to keep a rig like that. Give or take a little, it's about the same for everyone here. So what does that tell you? It tells you that people on a caravan like this have got together a few bucks from somewhere. Also it tells you that these people are going to be people that talk your language, that have the same sense of values you do."

"What we have is a group of fairly well-to-do people who have the money to spend their vacation at the Greenbrier, but might be a little uncomfortable in such a place," says Bob Korff, the vice-president in charge of advertising for Avion, the second (behind Airstream) most prestigious of the trailer makers.

"That is an interesting opinion," says Charles Manchester, the Airstream executive vice-president, upon learning of his counterpart's analysis. "However, I don't think I really agree, and I'm sure many of our people would not like to hear themselves described that way."

Manchester may be a small indication of why Airstream is a very strong No. 1 in the trailer-selling game. He is a smooth, articulate, charming man who neither looks nor talks much like a caravaner. Though it is a gloomy, slushy day in Sidney, Ohio, Airstream's Eastern headquarters, Manchester is tanned and relaxed, confessing that he was able to slip away for a few days to the Bahamas, where he chartered a fishing boat. "Our people," says Manchester, "are people who have led vigorous, productive lives. Many of them are retired now, but they are not inclined to be sedentary. The excitement, activity, adventure and companionship of caravanning is a way of life that appeals to them."

What is now called caravanning—groups of anywhere from 50 to 1,000 people towing vacation trailers behind them, on preplanned, tightly scheduled tours—is a relatively new phenomenon, but its roots go far back into the American Automotive Age. In the 1920s, when automobiles, highways and gas stations began to proliferate and affect everyone's way of life, cars were smaller and slower, accommodations scarcer and habits of frugality stronger than they are now. In consequence, not a few shade-tree mechanics began to make boxed-in truck beds and towable covered carts that allowed them to carry their gear across the face of America while sleeping and cooking in or near their vehicles. The Depression introduced an element of necessity to the enterprise. By the mid-1930s there were some 250,000 trailers, or "mobile homes," as some forgotten euphemist named them. There were also hundreds of small factories turning out commercial mobile homes. Among these was Airstream, owned by the former publisher of a how-to carpentry magazine, a Californian named Wally Byam. Byam, according to his book

continued

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(*Trailer Travel Here and Abroad*), began as a backyard hobbyist, building his first trailer out of Masonite and furring strips.

As it was for so many others, World War II was a swell deal for mobile-home makers. With big industry and big government both having an urgent need for quick, cheap, utilitarian housing, there were cash customers for every trailer unit makers could build. Following the war the mobile home establishment reached a parting of the ways. One group of entrepreneurs began to concentrate on the homey features of the rigs, building, instead of small tourist cabins on wheels, small multiroom apartments, which were just mobile enough to be towed by a diesel tractor from the factory to a vacant lot where they were set down on concrete foundations, there to remain as anchored as a chicken coop. Though immobile mobile homes have been roundly damned by planners, beautifiers and conservationists, about 6 million Americans live in them today. Meanwhile, the other branch of the industry went back to doing what it had been doing before the war, building temporary accommodations that one way or another could be propelled along a highway by vacationers.

While Wally Byam, the Airstream man, was only one

of many pioneer trailer builders, he was indisputably the inventor of the trailer caravan. In 1951 Byam gathered together 63 trailers and started out from El Paso to drive to Guatemala City and back. Reports by survivors suggest this first caravan was a grueling experience. Only 14 trailers completed the trip. Mechanical breakdowns were frequent and dissension considerable.

Despite all the difficulties with Caravan No. 1, Wally Byam persevered. Before he died in 1962, unfortunately—for dramatic purposes—in bed, Byam personally led 18 caravans, including several to Africa and Europe and even planned one mind-blowing round-the-world expedition of 125 Airstreams. (Forty-five actually made it after his death.) Between 1951 and 1962 Byam codified the Caravan Way of Life, laying down regulations, ethical and philosophical principles that to this day are revered and respected at Airstream and rather obviously imitated by competitors.

Byam gave his name to the Way of Life. For example, Airstream employees do not refer to Caravan No. 71, but to the Airstream Wally Byam Caravan No. 71. Byam left caravanners a creed. It begins: "In the heart of these words is an entire life's dream. To those of you who find in the promise of these words your promise, I bequeath this

You've got a lot to live

Whoever, wherever you are,
you've got a lot to live. Good times,
good people, good things to enjoy.
Make ice cold Pepsi-Cola one
of them. Pepsi...it's got a lot to give.



creed . . . my Dream belongs to you." It ends: "To refine and perfect our product by continuous travel testing over the highways and byways of the world." Byam designed the blue beret, the hat that caravanners are expected to wear while en caravan, and decided that the proper way to park a caravan was in a big circle, pioneer wagon-train fashion. Most important, Byam decreed that no one who did not own an Airstream would be permitted on a Wally Byam Caravan.

"The Wally Byam Caravan is a strong sales promotion tool," says Charles Manchester. "The caravans have created a lot of publicity for our product and convinced people of the durability of trailers. The fact that there are caravans overcomes some of the doubts people have about the difficulties of trailering. A new owner can join a caravan, pick up a lot of tips from just watching and know that if he gets in trouble there will be plenty of people to help him. Also there is the matter of the friends people make on a caravan. Once they have gone on a Wally Byam Caravan they are inclined to stay with our product so they can stay with their friends."

Most of the major trailer firms sponsor exclusive group trailer travel tours, but the Wally Byam Caravans remain

the largest and most intricately organized of the lot. The Airstream Way of Life Division, located in Cerritos, Calif., currently has 11 full-time employees. They publish the *Blue Beret*, the caravanners' newsletter, sell blue berets, decals, stickers and other accessories, and conceive, schedule and promote Wally Byam Caravans, of which there are now 10 or so a year.

To go on a Wally Byam Caravan, all that is necessary after the purchase of an Airstream trailer is to sign up with the Way of Life Division, report on a given day to some rendezvous like Laredo and pay your money into the caravan kitty. For No. 71 the payment was \$50 per trailer and \$10 per head. The money is used to pay for entertainment, "charitable" donations to the Mexican municipalities where the caravan encamps and other miscellaneous communal expenses. From that point on, a caravanser can sit back in the driver's seat and relax, letting the Wally Byam organization take over.

Each Airstream caravan is assigned four couples of veteran trailer travelers who are trained and paid—on a part-time basis—by the company. They are the Leader, Recreation Director, Advance and Servicemen. In the Airstream system the Leader and Advance and Service op-

continued



VOLVOS LAST A LONG TIME. ISN'T THAT BAD FOR BUSINESS?

To some manufacturers, building a product that lasts is the height of foolishness.

But it's an idea that's highly respected among enlightened consumers.

So instead of designing our cars to fall apart so that you'll have to buy another one, we design our cars not to.

That way you'll want to buy another one.

How well our cars last is best summed up by this fact: 9 out of every 10 Volvos registered here in the last eleven years are still on the road.

And in a world where people are becoming increasingly disenchanted with the cars they drive, our customers are coming back for more. The car most often traded in on a new Volvo is an old Volvo.

How's business?

Well, Volvo is the largest selling imported compact in America today. And this will be our best year ever.

The Volvo policy of enlightened foolishness is paying off.

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tratives are men, the Recreation Director a woman. The Advancemen drive over the scheduled route a month or so prior to the tour, inspect parking sites and lay some Airstream bread on functionaries whose goodwill is needed. During the caravan, the Advance couple stays a day ahead, ready to radio back to the main convoy in case there is a need to change the route or schedule. The Serviceman, pulling his trailer with an Airstream factory truck that is crammed with trailer parts, follows behind the caravan each day, ministering to the mechanically halt and maim. Though the Servicemen are only responsible for fixing trailers, it is their vow that no member of a Wally Byam Caravan is ever left behind on the road, no matter what his difficulties. If the Serviceman cannot make on-the-spot repairs he gets the malfunctioning rig to a garage. Recreation Directors, who are usually chatty, gregarious lads, organize caravanners for all sorts of intragroup fun, from bridge to square dancing. The Recreation Director also sees to it that the Airstreamers get to bullfights, floating gardens, bona fide native ruins, markets and the better-class curio shops, and that city dignitaries show up at caravan encampments to present official welcomes and city keys. Generally speaking, there is little unplanned time on a caravan, but this appears to be for most an attraction rather than a nuisance.

"If you go alone," says Ed Hinkle from Santa Rosa, Calif., "you've got to find everything for yourself and you pay through the nose. This way you can pack a lot more into a day and you're sure you are going to see the things you should."

Caravans to Mexico are the most popular of all those sponsored by the trailer manufacturers. The principal reason is the security provided by the hired Recreation Directors, etc. Most caravanners fancy themselves as free spirits perfectly capable of pushing their rigs anywhere they choose in the U.S.A. or even Canada, but nearly everyone on a caravan feels that crossing the Southern border alone is carrying adventure a bit far. Old Mexico has always had a strong exotic appeal for American tourists, being the only really strange place you can drive to from Rudolph, Ohio, but the country also frightens them. Mexico, after all, is full of foreigners who don't speak English, descendants of Pancho Villa and amoebic dysentery. A good bit of conversation at the Laredo rendezvous of No. 71 was made up of horror stories, many of them told officially by caravan leaders, about what has happened to honest Americans who ate Mexican lettuce, ran afoul of Mexican laws or strayed off the paved roads. The general feeling is that while going alone with your trailer into Mexico might invite some bad lamb and wolf scenes, no foreigners are likely to jump a herd of 300 Airstreams shepherded by corporate-trained Recreation, Advance, Service and Leadership technicians.

Arthur Droheim from Bristol, Conn. had his new Airstream delivered one day, practiced with the rig for a few

hours and the next day set off with his wife to drive out of the ice, snow and sleet to the Laredo rendezvous, 3,000 miles away. So far as Droheim was concerned, the transcontinental expedition was routine, but he admitted that the first day's drive from Laredo to Monterrey shook him. "Did you see that place?" Droheim asked wonderingly of Monterrey. Monterrey is a busy, crowded industrial center of 500,000. It is a street city, as most Mexican communities are. The avenues are clogged with all manner of vehicles, many of which are manned by highly competitive drivers. Hordes of pedestrians wander blithely in and out of traffic. There are a few on the Monterrey streets who are capable of amusing themselves by thumping the aluminum sides of an Airstream Wally Byam trailer and yelling, "Halo, Gringo." Old No. 71 moved through this turmoil slowly, the rigs bumper to bumper, car windows rolled tightly shut, drivers and co-pilots staring forward to spot the red Wally Byam signs tacked up that morning by the Advanceman to direct the caravan to the haven under the Carta Blanca billboard.

"Can you imagine what would have happened back there," said Arthur Droheim, contemplating his adventure from the safety of the wagon circle, "if you were alone and had trouble in a place like that, not knowing the language or where you were or what kind of people you were dealing with? Frankly, I don't think my wife would have stood still for us traveling in Mexico alone. But when you are with a caravan it's different. If worse comes to worse you can just sit tight and wait for the Serviceman to find you."

This viewpoint is discussed almost openly by a guide for several company-sponsored Caracades or Travelvans who, still being in this line of work, does not care to be identified. "These people tend to huddle," he says. "You know, most of them have run their own businesses or farms, been executives or military men, but they get down here and they want to be told what to do and when to do it."

continued



The Show and Tell Committee exhibits results of treasure hunts.

They get very dependent on their leaders. After a while you get the feeling you are in charge of a kindergarten class of 60-year-olds. A couple of years ago I had a bunch parked outside Mexico City. We were going to stay two or three days. One afternoon I had to drive over to the airport to meet a friend. I didn't say anything about it, just pulled out. I looked back and here are seven of them coming after me. They must have thought I was getting away and they weren't going to be left behind."

The head honcho of Wally Byam No. 71, the man who has to put it all together, keep it rolling and soothe the worries is the Caravan Leader, Ralph Waters, and his wife, Frankie. The Waterses, who have been on 15 caravans, are old Mexico hands as well as people steeped in Wally Byam lore. At Laredo the Waterses are preoccupied with the delicate business of selecting chairmen and members for the 81—yes, 81—committees without which a Wally Byam Caravan is considered inadequately organized. How the committee structure contributes to the Wally Byam Way of Life is spelled out in the information packets given each caravanner when he or she signs on for a tour. Such groups as the Bingo, Birthday and Anniversary, Campfire, Choir, Pot Luck, Sing Song, Postmaster, Police and Safety and Bottled Gas Committees are more or less self-explanatory. However, certain others are esoteric, as, for example, the Ambassadorial Committee, which is described as follows:

"City officials often come to our meetings to welcome the caravan officially. At this time a Wally Byam host is presented by the Caravan Leader. The Ambassadors should: 1) Following the presentation, meet and invite the guests to visit their Airstream. 2) Be prepared to offer the officials a Coke or a cup of coffee. Mr. and Mrs. Ambassador should be people who enjoy meeting people and who really like to entertain. Their Airstream should be one of the larger models, attractive and relatively new."

The Manhole Committee is technically very important to the trailer Way of Life. "The chairman of the Manhole Committee will locate manholes for [sewage] dumping operations and organize his group for efficient operation." The Show and Tell Committee is simply a fun group. "In Mexico, Caravanners buy many souvenirs. The Chairman will organize and plan a showing of these conversational items."

Organizationally, the top group is the Golden Rule Committee, also called the Caravan Council, which is charged with handling "complaints or problems between Caravanners." Caravan Leaders such as the Waterses, and other Airstream functionaries, tend at first to downgrade the importance of the Golden Rule Committee on the grounds that the type of people who buy Airstream trailers and the orderly nature of the Wally Byam Way of Life make problems virtually nonexistent. But under prodding they confess that yes, on an average five- or six-week caravan, some small frictions will arise and the Golden Rule Com-

mittee generally has some work to do. People sometimes fail to dump their sewage where the Manhole Committee Chairman tells them to, there are beefs about parking spots, loud radios, pets messing about in neighbors' gopher holes, drunkenness or just plain cantankerousness.

"A strong leader," says Ralph Waters, "can usually talk to the people and settle things before a problem has to go to the Golden Rule Committee."

But if leadership and persuasion fail?

"The Golden Rule Committee will warn the individual if he is judged at fault."

And if the warning is not sufficient?

"If," says Mrs. Frankie Waters, who is very much a we-go-by-the-Airstream-book kind of leader, "a caravanner is charged with two infractions, he must leave the caravan. And if," says Mrs. Waters with heavy emphasis and solemnity, "he is once expelled, he may never, never join another Airstream Wally Byam Caravan."

Despite the fact that many of the Caravan committees involve considerable work, there is seldom a shortage of volunteers. "The big problem," says Ralph Waters, "is to make sure nobody gets his feelings hurt by being left off. For example, if you have two retired postmen and both want to be Caravan Postmaster, you either have to divide up the responsibility or try to place one of them on another desirable committee. A good leader has to be a good diplomat."

Within the Airstream Way of Life division, Robert Smith, a retired military officer, is the Director of Caravans. Smith is at Laredo for a day or two to see that No. 71 gets off to a good start. He finds the eagerness of caravanners to serve on committees unsurprising. "Our people are accustomed to responsibility, and they know it takes cooperation to have a good time. They have worked hard to get where they are, work is sort of a way of life with them. Idleness is not something they respect. The chance to pitch in and help, to serve the group, is one of the attractions of a caravan. It gives them a sense of self-respect."

The first major operational unit to get down to work at Laredo is the Departing Committee, the group that is responsible for scheduling the departure of the caravan each morning. The Departing Committee for No. 71 is composed of a production supervisor, master mechanic, USAF logistics officer, owner of a general merchandise store, a butcher, an insulating contractor and a farmer, all retired. The chairman is a retired Penn Central conductor, E. H. Werling, who has served as deparker on previous caravans. At the first of several staff meetings, Werling gives his men a little pep talk. He tells them that they have a tough, thankless job, but whether or not the caravan stays on schedule will largely depend upon their efficiency and that he has confidence in them. "Remember," he warns, "a lot of these people are used to giving orders, not taking them. But when it comes to deparking, you are the boss. No one moves out until you give them the old red flag. Keep

them in place until their unit is scheduled to move out. If you have any trouble, let me know. On one caravan I saw some clown try to run over a deparker. The deparker had to climb right up on the hood of the car to save himself. You can bet we had that bird up in front of the Council."

Ignoring the fact that the men are wearing printed sports shirts, gaudy slacks, blue berets, and ignoring the substance of their deliberations, the meetings of the Deparking Committee sound much like meetings where regional sales, zoning ordinances or United Fund targets are considered. Phrases like "hot spots," "trouble shooting," "let's consider the alternatives," "close cooperation with the manhole people," "from a practical standpoint," bubble to the surface of the discussion, which is always serious and occasionally heated. There is general agreement that getting No. 71 out of Laredo is going to be tricky business. Many of the caravaners are first-timers. Roads near the parking lot are torn up for repairs. Traffic officials have asked that the trailers be released in groups of 15 or 20, with a five-minute break between each group. "Maybe we can fudge a little on those breaks," says Werling, "but any way you look at it, it's going to be a long morning. We'll just have to play it by ear."

The trailing edge of a northern storm is lapping at Laredo on the morning that No. 71 is scheduled to depart. The dawn is overcast, the wind, chasing dust devils over the parking lot, is chill. There is an occasional drop of rain. Nevertheless the caravaners are up early, standing alone or in groups drinking coffee, adjusting hearing aids and talking about Mexican customs officials whom they will shortly be encountering. A good many are lined up by the public telephone booths, the wind whipping bathrobes around thin white shanks, making last-minute calls to brokers or grandchildren. At 7:30 the first ranks begin to uncouple their water. (Water is distributed through a maze of garden hoses that links each trailer to its neighbor, and eventually to the public tap. Once one trailer disconnects, the umbilical cord is broken and there is no water for the trailers behind.) A retired but newly married Air Force colonel sits in his car with what has been gallantly referred to during caravan meetings as his "beautiful new bride." The colonel has a loudspeaker system on his rig. Impatient to move, gunning his motor, he sings into his mike, "Off we go into the wild blue yonder. Crash, bang, slam." The pleasantries draw a few laughs, a few frowns.

At 8 a.m. on the nose the deparkers, all carrying red flags that they use as batons, give the word and begin to hustle the first rigs out of the lot, sending them first to the Manhole Committee, then turning them loose on the open road. At 12:30 p.m. the last of the trailers, those of the deparkers, leave the encampment. The last trailer, that of the Serviceman who had to stop and help a caravaner with a bad universal—the rig was pulled back to Laredo for repairs—gets into the Monterrey parking lot at 8 p.m.

That evening after all the convoy had gathered and been parked in one of the concentric rings of the wagon wheel, the caravaners, carrying their lawn chairs, began to stroll toward the center. The weather had cleared and warmed somewhat. Above the field wafted odors from baked TV dinners and the lights of the Carta Blanca beer sign twinkled. Around the wagon train two squad cars—blue Volkswagens with searchlights—from the Monterrey Police Department circled and would continue to circle all night, guarding the bivouac. A hundred or so laughing,

teasing Mexican kids slipped in and out between the cops, the Airstreams and the lawn chairs, begging for pennies and candy, and here and there appropriating a few loose items, but generally just giggling at and hugely enjoying the gringos and their exotic way of life.

By and by Mrs.

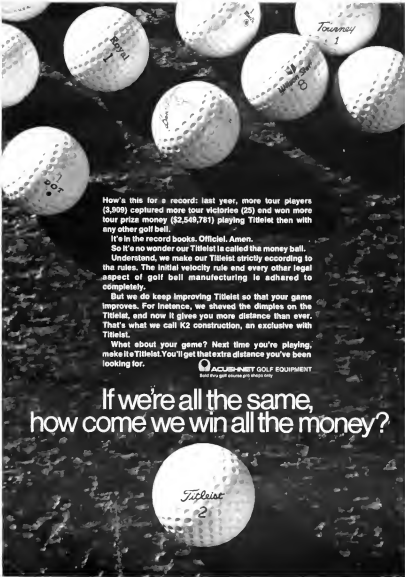
Edna Potter, the Recreation Leader, briefed the caravaners on what was planned, funwise, for the next day: a three-hour bus tour, a visit to a winery, a soccer game, a folklore ballet, a welcoming visit by the city fathers. Then she introduced the Sing-Along Chairman, a retired major with a magnificent set of muttonchop sideburns and considerable schmalz ("He asked to be on the Parking Committee," a caravan aide said, "but we thought he would fit into this slot better"). Under the major's direction all the hoarse tenors and cracked sopranos began to belt out such favorites as *Moonlight Bay*, *Clementine*, *Honk on the Range*. "If you sing like that," complimented the major, "I know we are going to be a happy group."

It was a nice scene. Certainly it was an innocent and harmless one. Considering what these caravaners have been through, one way or another, at one time or another, to get where they are, to create the Way of Life they have, there is something genuinely cheerful about all of these old souls sitting under a Carta Blanca beer sign on a cool night in the middle of a parking lot in Monterrey, Mexico singing *Let Me Call You Sweetheart*.

END



If bonified by the Golden Rule Committee, you are out forever.



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If we're all the same,
how come we win all the money?



YESTERDAY

During the Depression summer jobs—if available—paid little, but this one had other compensations

Happy Poverty on Catalina

by DOLLY CONNELLY

into the Tuna Club with flag aloft, indicating record-breaking game fish taken on light tackle. When she voiced no complaints about my stories of her fishing exploits, I flew way out in orbit with a dandy—a ride to hounds after the trophy boars on the island, followed by a luxurious Hawaiian lulu with her kuli as *pièce de résistance*. Shortly thereafter there appeared at the office her nurse-companion, extremely determined under a starched white cap. It seems that her patient, kicking 80 and confined to a wheelchair, had become a source of worry to her grandchildren in Pasadena, as well as to her doctor and friends. Was it possible that the lady could just take the sun on the hotel veranda in the Pasadena Star-Vex in the future?

Regrettably, I turned from the aging dowager to the Hollywood characters floating just offshore. Never did so many improbable romances bloom on movie-colony yachts riding gently at anchor in Descanso Bay. "What redhead was glimpsed diving off John Ford's palatial yacht tied up at the buoy off Catalina's Casino?" I wrote. The fact that it was the ship's fat cook on his afternoon off didn't trouble me, Mr. Ford, the redhead or even Louella Parsons.

There were certain ground rules. Summer colonists always were "in residence." Anything that floated was a "palatial yacht." The sun was a permanent fixture in the sky. It was always "Santa Catalina Island"—never rude "Catalina." The Hotel St. Catherine was automatically prefixed by the description "luxurious," and the Island Villa, a collection of tents on platforms, was never mentioned. Moreover, you never, never got fanciful with the print little bulletins announcing the comings and goings of

the Philip Knight Wrigleys. And you never used their initials, P.K.

Like all the school kids of those days, I was paid exactly enough to enable me to rent a bad somewhere and eat—after a fashion. This sounds mean, but it wasn't—not really. If we'd been richer most certainly we could not have spent our pay any the more wisely, and we would have got into vastly more trouble. The big-brotherhood of our paternalistic employers extended even to the making up of grim model budgets for the summer helpers. But as these budgets allowed for no dances, no speedboats, no silk bathing suits and no raffia sandals, we ignored them. I never had more fun in all my life. Like all the rest of the young people, I reduced expenditure for food and housing to less than the bare minimum and had fun with the rest.

A girl named Billie (whom I remember as a remarkable tank for alcoholic beverages) and I rented a tree house that was in grave danger of imminent collapse. It had a "bathroom," which consisted of a tin shower stall and reluctant john, reached by precarious catwalk around the trunk of the tree. The remainder of this establishment was one open airy room with no glass panes in the windows, a spectacular view of beautiful Avalon Bay, ominously creaking floors that swayed when anyone climbed our ladder, and *fantasia*, *disarray*. I was roused to keep things neatlike, but Billie piled everything that she wasn't actually wearing or using in a heap in the middle of the swaying floor. In order to save myself polemic controversy, I learned to do likewise—with verse.

I marveled every morning at the five-star perfection of Billie emerging from this elevated rat's nest for her sales stint in the Pot Shop. In those days (when pot only meant something used for cooking or to put flowers in) the company operated a tile and ceramics plant that utilized the clays and talcs found in the hills of Santa Catalina to make glazed-tile plaques and tables, vases and stems of tables are with soft colors and satiny finish. Billie was the ideal final touch in the retail shop on El Encanto. A small-honed girl with a sensational figure, she wore her bright, shining hair cut short, like a child's yellow cap on her head. Her skin was tanned the color of a copper penny, setting off white teeth, blonde hair

continued

Islands have always played a big role in my life. I caught a chronic case of *islanmania* when, as a girl, I first looked seaward from the summit of Mt. Wilson and saw Santa Catalina Island lying in the blue Pacific off the coast of California like some huge kraken rearing up out of 700 fathoms. I was not the only one thus afflicted. In the deep depression mid-30s, most southern California youngsters yearned toward Catalina with such fervor that if you stood on their seaward sides you could almost feel little waves of longing emanating from them. To see the island on a sparkling clear day was something. To sail toward it, watching its sun-baked other mountains and plunging cliffs grow in the distance, its shadows becoming rivers of verdure winding skyward from fanned beaches in secret little coves, was dream stuff. To spend a summer on Catalina seemed the very apex of paradise.

Fortunately for my particular dream, the Santa Catalina Island Company had long before discovered that school-kid help has certain virtues. I found myself therefore employed as a neophyte journalist in the publicity office, ostensibly writing something called "social notes" but actually bent on acquiring the world's best tan and an efficient crew. I stroke. My journalistic endeavors, if you want to call them that, involved a deliberate usage of the names of the carriage trade staying at the Hotel St. Catherine. Every morning I ran a finger down the register, zeroed in on the Blue Bookers and made up jolly little items about these victims. Just to note that Mrs. So-and-so was "sojourning" on the island was much too dull, so I began to let my imagination take over. I would clothe my dowagers in flowing, fictional beach pajamas straight out of the latest issue of *Vogue*, and when that palled I would set them to participating vigorously in the island's more rugged activities, from a day out swordfishing to a night at the local den of vice. To my amazement, my prey were pleased at this sort of thing, never once objecting to being glimpsed in pink maillots bathing sun or with yellow-tail tuna catch.

My greatest challenge was a Pasadena society matron who lingered week after week in the Saint Catherine's register. In her behalf my flights of fancy grew wilder and wilder. She sailed triumphant

and blue eyes. She was one of those girls who is born knowing how she should look. She never wore anything but blue and white, which on her appeared very crisp and clean even if she had yanked it from the mid-floor heap. The effect on the tourists was singular. Elderly couples morally opposed to smoking would totter out of the Pot Shop with armloads of ceramic ashtrays.

I doubt that there were 600 real residents on the entire 21-mile-long island in those days. Time was punctuated for us by alternating periods—the weekdays, when we “owned” Catalina, and the weekends, when public hordes descended on our paradise. We enjoyed them equally, because when the tourists were there we felt called upon to perform like natives in a superior sort of way, aquaplaying (that was before water skis) around the approaching steamers and diving off spectacular heights. The swimming was, and doubtless still is, the best on the West Coast. Air and water temperatures, warmed by currents from Mexican waters, were exactly right, so there was no shock on entering the sea and no chill on emerging. Sea, air and body came together in mutual complement, like tones of a pleasant chord. We were prehistoric creatures not yet completely adapted to either element but at home in both. There was no blight upon the bright days except that all of us thought almost constantly about food.

Mornings we got up at the very last possible second and raced down from our various canyon rims to our jobs. By noon we were famished, moaning with hunger cramps. We bought day-old hard rolls from a grocery store where they could be had for 1¢ each, eating them with bologna that the store sold by the single slice, having long since grown hardened to the penuries of summer help. For dinner we ran accounts at John's Seaford House, eating absolutely everything placed upon the table except the salt and pepper. John, a fat and amiable Italian, had an arrangement with party boat skippers whereby they turned their clients' catch over to him at extremely low rates. Thus he was able to feed us 50¢ tuna-plate dinners and trust that we would straighten our accounts with him on payday.

As we all were in exactly the same boat, there was no stigma attached to this poverty. We didn't exactly date, be-

cause the boys couldn't have paid our way into a penny arcade. We simply met and tried everything the island had to offer—the hiking and exploring, the beaches, sneaking into the Casino to dance when one of our number did duty as ticket taker, canoeing and fishing. We concocted wonderful schemes for augmenting our spartan fare and sometimes rode the bus up the switchbacked old coach road to Mrs. Black Jack and Orizaba to hunt wild pigs. We never saw a pig, and it was just as well, for our hands were our only weapons. Pigs just made good food conversation and a lovely long hike back. On the way we swung by the William Wrigley Jr. memorial at the head of Avalon Canyon and up to the Pacific divide, here we could see the sea on both sides of the island and look out over the Palisades to San Clemente Island rising brown and barren out of low fog like a ghostly ship at sea.

But our interest wasn't the scenic magnificence so much as the Wrigley fig orchard, where great luscious Smyrna figs, heavy with sugar, hung in fecund abundance. The only trouble with the figs was that a considerable population of wasps ardently defended the crop from our forages. When we plucked a fig, we were likely to pick an irked yellow jacket, also. The record of our gale was writ plainly on our swollen faces and stung hands. A less painful source of provender was the small rock bass and perch we caught off the rocks above Lovers' Cove.

The big event of that summer, gastronomically and otherwise, was the coming of the film company of *Mystery on the Bowry* (the Clark Gable-Charles Laughton one) to Isthmus Cove and Catalina Harbor, where they built the grass-thatched shacks of Tahiti and Pitcairn Island. A nicer thing couldn't have happened. Fletcher Christian's hut persisted for years thereafter as a yachtsman's bar, as did a native trading post constructed at the end of the dock. Polynesian villages, bared in towering palm trees imported full-grown from the mainland at enormous expense, looked exactly right at this enchanting isthmus of crystal-clear waters surrounded by plump, sun-burned hills.

Now, in Hollywood it is no trick to gather together the wanted number of film extras to mill about anonymously in the background. On Catalina Island in the summer of 1935 it was something

else again. Casting about for “natives,” an assistant director took one look at our mahogany skins and our porpoise-like ease in the water and hired all of us school-kid employees of the Santa Catalina Island Company as Polynesians. As M-G-M's lease was big business, the company raised no objection. Each morning we boarded a fast boat at Avalon and whizzed to Isthmus Cove, where we wrapped ourselves in sarongs and descended like varmints in a chicken run on the long-plank buffet table laid out all day long for the picture company. We ate ourselves into an agreeable coma. Like husky sled dogs accustomed only to a scant diet of frozen salmon, once fed abundantly at this rich table we became bloated. The outraged assistant director took one look at us, girls and boys alike, and screamed in indignation:

“Your bellies stick out so far you all look pregnant!”

Thereafter some hold was placed upon our feeding, and we were forced to bestir ourselves in the accomplishment of the picture. The girls with long hair really had it made. Tahitian maidens all, we were plucked like so many hibiscus blossoms by the ruffian crew of the *Bowry* and fled screaming to the bow of the ship, where we dived overboard in long arcs into the clear sea below and came up giggling, our wet hair spread around us like seaweed. It was wonderful. They did this scene over and over again for a full week.

Franchot Tone sauntered around very aloof with zinc oxide on his sunburned nose, and Laughton was grumpy and hot and uncomfortable in his tight pants. But Gable was a born heller with a built-in lightning twinkle in each eye. We discovered that if anything female stood within reach of him, he'd drop one great meaty arm around her shoulders. We plucked to catch these electrifying moments on film. So we planted conspirators with Browne cameras within shooting distance, approached within reach of Mr. G. with maidenly immodesty and waited for nature to take its course. Later, back in our cubicles in Avalon, we screamed ourselves into hysterical hepcups over these blurry snapshots as if it were the greatest joke in the world. However, not a girl among us failed to treasure them under her pillow until they became dog-eared and finally faded away.

When the movie emerged some months later, I watched with hated breath and pounding heart, just barely able to stand the awful suspense. Not one of us—not a single one—is identifiable in the finished film. There is a moment, just a hare flickering of the eye, as the Tahitians are swarming all over the newly arrived *Bouri*, when that girl way off on the left could be... but this is wishful thinking.

We went back to our old enthusiasms, gathering in the soft velvet nights on the cliff across the bay from the Casino to dance dreamily to the faint music of Ben Bernie and All the Lads. They just didn't want me, like that anyone. *I Left My Heart in Aulau, Saw Duv, Three Little Words, Let's Fall in Love, Aloha*—they were the sonnets of Elizabeth Barrett Browning drifting across a half-moon of dimpled lights from the gleaming round gem of the Casino on Sugar Loaf Point. We pooled our money, mikel by mikel, and sent the eldest of our number off to the village liquor store. Our idea of a really wild evening was a pint of Old Quaker shared up by up and dancing to this poignant, euphonic music. We necked tenderly, the way kids once did. I'm not sure whether it was malnutrition or the mores of the day, but we were strangely innocent. A modern teenager would up-chuck with disdain, but we felt wicked, which is the important thing.

Sometimes we'd feed most of the pint to Billie, who drained it down like Coke in one long swig with absolutely no discernible effect except for willingness to sway into a graceful, franklike hula. When the thin violins of Good Night, Sweetheart finally drifted over the bay we were devastated, heartbroken. We banded in our fishing selmies and wandered off toward home up the darkened canyon walls to dream on Gail's picture. We didn't focus things up by counting the hours or even the months of this idyl. It is enough to inherit the earth, even on a temporary basis.

As Thomas Wolfe so rightly said, you can't go home again. Years later I tried. Though the early-morning view out over the bay was as lyrical as ever and the toy-on holly bloomed like fire in the hills as extravagantly as I remembered a vital element was missing. Like first love, an island summer when one is 18 can happen only once.

END

M7

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IT'S SOME BACKYARD

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BORING—Eastshore International champion URBAIN represented Germany's first win at a 15-nation meet in Barcelona, the last race in 21 nights that the Spaniards failed to knock out his opponent.

A leading night ended a 300-pound slugfest as light heavyweight champion BOB FOSTER knocked out Houston's Mark Luciani, scored one of the 10th round in Baltimore. It was Foster's fourth title defense and his 35th knockout in 45 pro fights.

THE ITALIAN amateur team from the U.S. was bound to lose to the Rocky Marciano trophy in Rome, although two Americans, light heavyweight Sam Jackson of Memphis and heavyweight Bernard Lyle of Denver, scored the only two knockouts, each in the first round.

FOOTBALL—The underdog EAST bay West with two second-half ties, followed including a 42-yard field (interception) return to win the 10th annual Alamo Valley Conference football game, 27-20, at the University of California, San Diego. East quarterback Carlos Mader of the Ducks scored one touchdown and passed for Markham Sims, a freshman from Cal State, San Diego. San Diego's defense held the game, with MVP, punting 144 yards in 27 carries. Highly rated Dennis Shaw of San Diego State completed 25 of 44 passes for the West for a total of 364 yards (page 18).

GOLF—Australian JIMMYE DEVLIN turned in rounds of 68 and 69 on the final day of the 1980 U.S. Open, but he had a one-day layoff, to win the \$150,000 Cleveland Open with a 12-under-par 72-hole total of 268. His second round, 68, tied for the course record. Steve Frazee, a 23-year-old California amateur who returned the year this year finished second with a 64-under-par 68, which included an eagle 2 on the second hole.

CATHY GAUGHAN defeated defending champion Fern, Portcharchar 4 and 2 to win the "Sunshine" women's, 100-meter golf at the U.S. Open, Calif. Both girls are students at Arizona State.

JOHN MAHAFFEY shot a four-under-par final round of 65 to clinch the individual title at the U.S. Open in California. Ohio and lead the Boston Celtics in the team championship, 1007 1/2 in 15 games. Mike Brown, led by 10 points in the final game, which finished 101-91, was second in the same race.

JUDY RANKIN of Midland, Texas made six consecutive shots with a 36-under-par 68 to win the \$25,000 Lunge Washington tournament at Broomfield, Pa. She carded a 54-hole score of 212, beating early leader Sandra Hovine by one stroke.

HARNESS RACING—After winning nine consecutive races (three years in a row), the 1980 U.S. Trotting Year in a 10-5 favorite that he bumped his head in the starting gate and broke away, early in the race, and the winning post was in FRIDAY WOOD 1011 (00) owned by Hurdwood Stables, and driven by Billy Hurdwood. Sanders, Cal-Hide road with a 100-under-par 68 to win the 100th annual Hurdwood Stables race, and a head further back in third and Dayton was last.

COLL MIRA GEORGE (20-20) owned by De and W. George Smith and driven by Billy Hurdwood, finished in a 10-5 favorite, won the 100th annual Hurdwood Stables race, and a head further back in third and Dayton was last.

HORSE RACING—Charles Engelbrecht's unbeaten bid, JIMMYE the 100-0 favorite, won the \$192,139 Irish Sweepstakes at the Coney Island, occupying the 100th annual Hurdwood Stables race, and a head further back in third and Dayton was last.

HANNAH BAY (34-40), owned by Robert M. Smith, won the 100th annual Hurdwood Stables race, and a head further back in third and Dayton was last.

WOMEN'S SILENT SCREEN (34-40), owned by Robert M. Smith, won the 100th annual Hurdwood Stables race, and a head further back in third and Dayton was last.

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Earl Schenck's ROLL OF HONOR, ridden by Larry Pappas, captured the \$171,000 Ladies' Cup in Paris at Longchamp. Pappas had won the 10th of 14, with Baron Guo de Montfaucon's High Mountain.

HORSE SHOWS—WEST GERMANY crowned the Nations' Cup at the Aachen, West German, 10th international with Lord Brown second and the U.S. 11th. U.S. representative, Mary Pappas, won the 10th of 14, with Baron Guo de Montfaucon's High Mountain.

WOMEN'S SPORTS—California DAN GARNER won his second straight Can-Am race, taking through 15 laps at Moscone Stadium. Quaker, an American, spent 100 laps with a 100-lap race, 15th in the 10th of 14, with Baron Guo de Montfaucon's High Mountain.

DRIVING in 90 laps at a 500-lap race, 15th in the 10th of 14, with Baron Guo de Montfaucon's High Mountain.

SAILING—Richard N. Van, 45-foot boat CARINA, won the 10th of 14, with Baron Guo de Montfaucon's High Mountain.

TRUCK & RACE—The National A.A. champion, 10th of 14, with Baron Guo de Montfaucon's High Mountain.

JOHN WARRINGTON of Boston won the A.A. 10th of 14, with Baron Guo de Montfaucon's High Mountain.

MARY PAT WINSLOW BANK in her first career (police appearance, since the 1980 Olympics, represented an American record total of 179 points in the women's pentathlon, collecting her eighth annual championship.

RELAYS—INDUCTED into the Hall of Fame, on the 10th of 14, with Baron Guo de Montfaucon's High Mountain.

NAME—An amazingly versatile of the United States team for the 10th of 14, with Baron Guo de Montfaucon's High Mountain.

DIET THOMAS TELLEN 34, Israeli, who won the 10th of 14, with Baron Guo de Montfaucon's High Mountain.

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FACES IN THE CROWD



ED MANNING, of Cambridge County (N.Y.) Community College, was undefeated for the season as he led his team to the state tennis championship. He was 14-0 in singles and teamed with Larry Schoonhoven to post an 11-0 regular-season record in doubles.



MARY SCHMIDT, 13, with the Stamford (Conn.) Natick Club, is the first girl to hold five individual state YMC A records at once: the 50- and 100-yard freestyle in 25.7 and 56.9, 50-yard backstroke, 31.1 30-yard backstroke, 1.19 and 100-yard divided medley 1:08.8.



DAVE SAUVE, 19, tripled in two runs in the ninth inning and then scored the winning run in the 10th inning to lead Maryland to a 4-1 win over Clemson for the ACC championship. The sophomore second baseman led his league with a .364 average and batted 49 hits for the season.



MIKE KROGH, a senior at Essex (N.J.) Catholic High, posted the fastest prep two-mile run in the U.S. this year with an 8:54 at the Golden West Meet in Sacramento. The 18-year-old also clocked a 4:08 mile to win the championship of the Eastern states.



KEN KRAVETZ, a freshman at Ashland (Ohio) College, struck out 20 batters in an April 10th, then came back later in the season to hit 25 in a one-hitter. He has averaged 15.4 strikeouts per game and carried a 1.11 ERA, allowing only 18 hits in 48 innings this year.



CAMERON HALL, of Rochester (N.Y.) Institute of Technology, won the 100-yard dash in 9.6, the 120 high hurdles in 14.7 and 440 intermediate hurdles in 55.7 at the Upstate New York Championships. He also anchored RIT's 440 relay team to a record 42.9 victory.

CREDITS

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

SERGEANT AT ARMS

Sir:

As a result of winning the U.S. Open golf championship in 1960, Orville Moody (*The Nontransintegration of Orville Moody*, June 22) by necessity became a favorite of many of the youth of this and other countries. Being in the international spotlight, he should have enough sense not to utter for public consumption such statements as the one about student demonstrators: "Next time they try somethin', might save more lives in the long run if we get out the machine guns and shoot 'bout 50 of them fools."

If he does not possess enough sense, the editors of SI should have had enough wisdom not to include such a statement in the article. In turbulent times as these, when it is important to appeal to rational, peaceful means of problem solving, such a declaration as that of Mr. Moody only encourages and nurtures the senseless violence we should be trying to avoid. I hope in the future our leaders, sports and otherwise, will set good examples for our youth and ourselves, and if they cannot, I hope SI will

DOUGLAS R. ROWING, M.D.

Rockville, Md.

Sir:

It is tragic that a public figure in sport (or in any field) would advocate the machine-gun slaughter of student demonstrators, by printing Mr. Moody's callous remarks. I think SI has performed a fine public service in showing both young and adult readers that a man who has achieved excellence in sport does not necessarily have a decent or humane attitude of respect for human life.

HENRY S. WILLIAMS

New Haven, Conn.

Sir:

Orville Moody's comments about Kent State are as succinct a manifestation of inordinate ignorance as I have had the occasion to read of late. His words are as inflammatory as those of even the most hardened campus (or "professional") anarchist. I, like Curry Kirkpatrick, could picture Orville fishing, but somehow it might seem more appropriate if he were on the firing end, both in a literal and a figurative sense.

WILLIAM J. DARSCHER

Newark, Del.

Sir:

Why is it that it is always a person such as Orville Moody (whose only combat in the service was the beating of par on Sunday golf courses) who is quick to advocate the shooting of 50 or more of his fellow citi-

zens by machine gun in order to silence their points of view? I wish that all the Moodys in this world, whose bravery swells as they feel a trigger in their hands, would stop and think about what they are advocating.

DENNIS SAMAPK

Canton, Ohio

Sir:

I hope Ole Sarge doesn't plan to keep an M-16 or two in his golf bag so he can say, "Gimme my rifle, caddie, I see one of them pussyfootin' young punks by the dogleg." It is hard to believe this "simple" man is, as Dave Marr says, Mr. Unbelievable Nike Guy. I believe he is a jerk.

BOB BILMON

Cincinnati

Sir:

Let's hope that Moody's skill with a machine gun is roughly equivalent to the golf skill he displayed at Maelstrom in the 1970 Open, where he failed to make the cut.

DAVID G. REICH

Indianapolis

TONY AND JACK

Sir:

If only Jack Zanger could have seen his Tony Conigliaro book featured in SI—and on the cover (*Returns from the Dark*, June 22, 29)—he would have been very proud. When Jack died recently of a brain tumor, I lost a friend—but we all lost a good writer and an especially decent human being. I wish Jack were alive, but since he isn't, I'm glad that his farewell effort was so very, very good.

DICK KAPLAN

Managing Editor

Losers' House Journal

New York City

Sir:

I thought the article about Tony Conigliaro's near-fatal injury was one of the best to have appeared in your magazine in recent weeks.

BERNARD J. LEE

Phoenix, Md.

100%

Sir:

I nominate for Sportsman of the Year the greatest player in the history of soccer—the man who led Brazil to its permanent possession of the World Cup (*Pele and Pele Return the Cup*, June 29), the idol of millions, the only soccer player ever to score more than 1,000 goals. In short, Pele.

TOM GEMELASCHIT

John, Ill.

NEW YANKERS

Sir:

The Yankee dream is not so farfetched (*Dreams Times for Man-Bushers*, June 22). Even if it fails to materialize this year, it shouldn't be long in coming true. The boys on the farm here in Syracuse are leading the International League, and Yankee brass must sleep well indeed with visions of Tony Solaita (116, 322, with power), Frank Baker (58, 268, good glove, great arm) and Steve Kline (P, eight wins, one loss, 2.37), among others, sweetening their dreams of a world championship.

JOHN E. MURPHY

Syracuse, N.Y.

OREGON'S GURU

Sir:

I read the article *The Freshman and the Great Gun* (June 15) with more than passing interest. It was my frustrated pleasure, during the 1954-55 academic year, to serve as the sometime-assistant to University of Oregon Coach Bill Bowerman. I suspect the smart money will get many a chuckle over your account of the Bowerman recruiting philosophy and practice, especially those coaches and alumni who have lost prospects and/or dual meets to Bowerman's teams. During the late spring of 1955 I sat in Bill's office while he talked with a high school senior from neighboring Washington—a hurdler who had won two medals the previous spring in the state meet and who was to win two more within a fortnight. When this young man indicated that his career interest was in forestry far away in which Oregon has no major, the Guru mildly chided him for visiting the campus and began naming other institutions that did have forestry majors, including arch-rivals Oregon State, Washington and Penn State. Like all man-made gods, Bill Bowerman has a few chinks. There are areas of philosophy in which we disagree, but I would be delighted to have either of my sons run under his direction.

ROBERT H. MCCOLLUM

Associate Director

Division of Recreation and Intercollegiate Athletics
University of Pennsylvania
Philadelphia

Sir:

Pete Patnam's story was long awaited by West Coast readers. Moreover, the cover picture was one of the best displayed by your magazine in months. It showed Prefontaine running, but more important it showed the tremendous scenery in Oregon. Congratulations on a fine article.

RUD ENGLISH

Salmon, Ore.

continued

OUR NEW LITTLE CAR WILL GET 25 MPG, MORE OR LESS.

And you can quote us on that.

Actually, the reason we say 'more or less' is that we're still testing the Vega 2300, and can't be sure of the final mileage figures.

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Some of our men in white coats have been getting up to 32 miles per gallon in tests.

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It depends a lot on the test conditions. And, of course, on how you drive. No matter how you look at it, though, Vega's gas mileage will be in the same neighborhood as the best of the current crop of economy cars—and that's a very nice neighborhood.

It's particularly nice when you consider that unlike some little cars, ours will step right out when you step on the gas. Which is reassuring when you want to climb a steep hill or merge onto a freeway.

This happy combination of economy and performance is due mainly to a breakthrough in engine design.

140 CID-OHC 4 & other mysteries.

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nology went into this engine than into any other production engine in our history.

Basically, it's a 140-cubic-inch 90-horsepower overhead-cam four-cylinder engine. The block is die-cast aluminum—a high-silicon aluminum that allows the pistons to run up and down without the iron sleeves that were needed up until now.

The little engine that could.

But that's all technical. What it means, simply, is a nice lightweight engine that is amazingly powerful and responsive in addition to being highly economical.

Also, it revs slowly at cruising speeds, which means that it's quiet. Besides, with the parts moving slower, they don't wear out as fast. The engine has open-design combustion chambers, to help the fuel burn more completely. And that in turn reduces pollutants in the exhaust. The overhead cam means one third fewer moving parts in the valve train. Fewer parts, less trouble.

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16TH HOLE *continued*

NO SWEAT

Sirs:

My thanks for preserving Monsanto's full-page ad for the no-sweat lawn (June 15). I am grateful that the same people who brought us no-dirt football and good-hop baseball have now apparently freed me from the weekend hassle with my lawn. I can spend even more time watching clean athletes play on that all-green back ground which looks so fine on TV.

But can you direct me to a manufacturer of plastic trees and shrubs? We mustn't forget the problem of raking leaves in the fall when all those tripliteaders are on the boob-tube. Perhaps, too, plastic branches would keep the birds away—no one wants to be bothered with bird-doo on his all-green plastic lawn.

Eventually, of course, we can solve the whole environmental quality problem by making the entire earth nonbiodegradable—completely covered with plastic and concrete. One wonders, though, which of the synthetic putting surfaces will give Jack Nicklaus the most trouble.

MIKE WYBRACH

Seattle

MISSISSIPPI MEETING

Sirs:

I would like to answer your "Dropped Baton" item in *SCORECARD* (June 15). In April of this year I was chairman of a track and field meet sponsored by the Gulfport, Miss. Jaycees and held in Gulfport on the same day that the Jackson Daily News Relays were to have been held in Jackson. We had 17 teams from three states competing in our meet and these teams included approximately 65 black athletes. A large number of first-place awards were won by black athletes. The meet drew an estimated crowd of 750 people which is the largest crowd to ever watch a track and field meet in southern Mississippi.

After it was over we were informed by the coaches and by several of the spectators that it was the finest high school track meet they had ever attended, and no mention of race or color was ever brought forth by anyone participating in or connected with the meet. I relay this information to you to show that it is not the people of Mississippi as a whole who create the incidents you mentioned, but just a certain few who may be in power at the present time. I would furthermore like to invite you to attend the next Gulfport Jaycee Invitational Track Meet, which will be held in April 1971. I can assure you, you will see a preponderance of black athletes participating on an equal and welcome basis with white athletes.

CARROLL A. KEMP JR.

Gulfport, Miss.

Address editorial mail to **TIME & LIFE Bldg., Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.**

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Photographed at Priest River, Idaho, site of the annual Loggert's Festival

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